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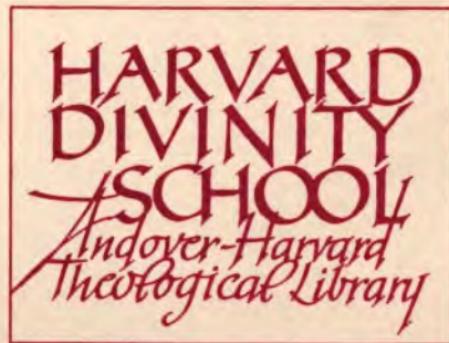
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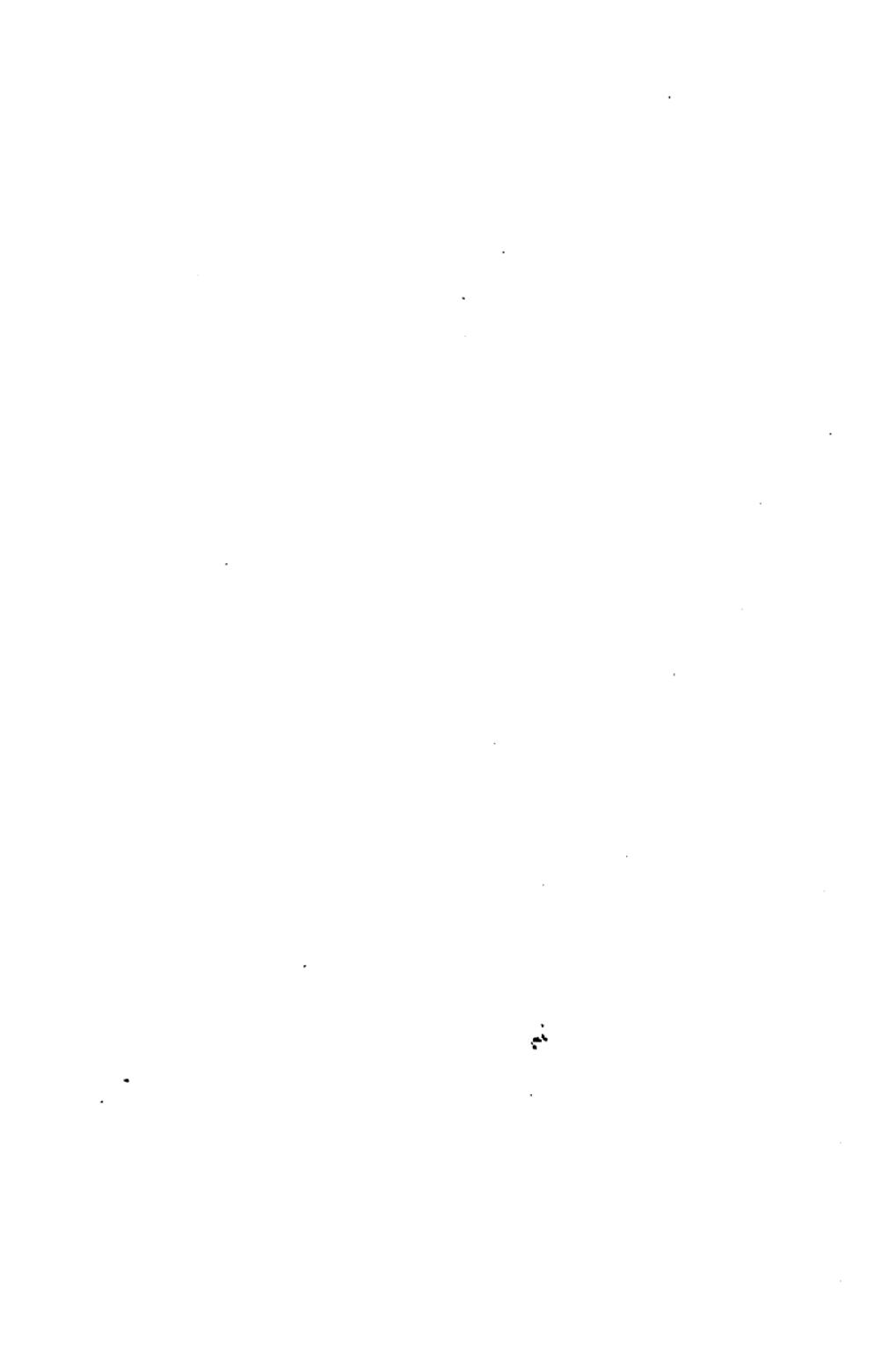
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# E S S A Y S

AND

# S K E T C H E S .

BY

CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL.

"I have besought the stars, with tears, to send  
A power unto me;" . . . .

*Præter.*

BOSTON:  
SAMUEL G. SIMPKINS.  
1849.

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## DEDICATION.

To my Father,

WHO FIRST NURTURED IN ME  
THE LOVE OF TRUTH  
AND  
OF GOD,  
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED.

"We never see the stars,  
Till we can see naught but them. So with Truth."

*East Needham, Mass.*  
*Dec. 1, 1848.*



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TRUTH is large. Our aspiration  
Scarce embraces half we be.  
Shame! to stand in His creation  
And doubt Truth's sufficiency!—  
To think God's song unexcelling  
The poor tales of our own telling.

E. B. BARRETT.

---

‘T is glorious to have one’s own proud will,  
To see the crown acknowledged that we earn :  
But nobler yet, and nearer to the skies,  
To feel one’s-self in hours serene and still,  
One of the spirits chosen by Heaven to turn  
The sunny side of things to human eyes.’

---

‘THUS much, then, for this book, its heresies,  
If such they be, are charitable ones ;  
For they who read not in the blest belief  
That all souls may be saved, read to no end.  
Nor bates the book one tittle of the truth,  
To smooth its way to favor with the fearful.  
All rests with those who read. A work or thought,  
Is what each makes it to himself, —  
Now, therefore, to her work, and to the world,  
The writer bids God-speed. It matters not  
If they agree or differ. Each, perchance,  
May bear true witness to another end.’ P. J. BAILEY.

**'The discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and  
clear waters come through very dirty earth.'**

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.**

# I.

## THE SABBATH.

'No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share ;  
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,  
And bless Thee in our prayer.'

HEBER.

CHEVALIER, the author of a work upon the society, manners, and politics of the United States, so popular that it has already passed through three Paris editions, and has been recently translated into the English tongue, concludes some allusions to the general suspension of business and amusement among us upon the Sabbath, with the following remark: 'Nothing, therefore, can be more melancholy than the seventh day, in this country. After such a Sunday, the labor of Monday is delightful pastime.'

It could hardly be expected that a foreigner, however candid and liberal, should appreciate the pleasures of a New England Sabbath, but such an

assertion as this will call forth many an earnest protestation, many an indignant refutation. Our people will be quite as likely to believe that their annual Thanksgiving is not a day of festival and frolic, as that the recreations of their Sabbath are not the subject of week-day preparation, and anticipated with an eagerness which gives a new zest to their daily labor. In the country or the town, it invites us alike to a calm but sacred joy. The farmer rises at the same hour as on other days, but his peculiar cleanliness, and a somewhat extraordinary attention to his toilet, first remind his guest that this is the day which he ‘delighteth to honor.’ There is an unusual silence in the house. His men are sitting down with their Bibles, or the last newspaper,—a paper most frequently of a devotional character,—spread out upon their laps. The first breaking of the sunlight over the eastern hills gilds with a softer beauty the tall forests in the distance, or glimmers with a calmer brilliancy upon the surface of the silvery river, than upon other days, when the freshest and most romantic stream serves only to supply the mill, and the cool woods echo to the stroke of the falling axe. The breakfast table is loaded with the bounties of the season, and if no audible voice sends up the few words of thankfulness to the Creator, we see in the reverent decorum

with which the farmer and his family place themselves at table, the all pervading influence of a grateful spirit. The meal is despatched without the noisy bustle which attends it on less favored days, and while the housewife or an attendant quietly removes the cloth, the younger children cluster together on the carpet to give the parting glance to their catechism or their hymn ; the elder retire to prepare themselves for their classes, and we, perhaps, steal out to the warm air and life-inspiring sunshine, to thank God that we are allowed to look upon another Sabbath.

Oh, how much brighter, dearer, holier, is Nature herself upon a day like this ! There is no noise of vehicles upon the road. No merry voices uplift themselves in the neighbouring fields. No loungers are to be seen in the half open door-way of the neat farm-house. The winds have hushed their commotion ; the tall trees worship motionless, and even the violets and the mallow look up to the clear sky, while the dew trembles with a new grace upon their softly shaded petals, and a fresher, sweeter fragrance is breathed up from their pure bosoms.

Suddenly the distant chiming of the village bell calls forth the little ones, and hand in hand, with smiling faces, and ever and anon a half indecorous gambol, they wind along the grassy road, eager to

clasp again, with brightening eyes, the hand of their affectionate pastor, or to welcome with dimpling cheek the presence of their dear-loved teacher's lips. The hour devoted to these unfolding spirits is quickly passed, and the church fills with maturer forms. The foot which falls responsive to the shrill whistle of the teamster, as he encourages his lazy oxen, is still as that of the slippere Circassian, when the hardy laborer uncovers his head beneath the sacred roof. Lips which are parched by daily exposure to the air and sun, moved by the promptings of quick-beating hearts, break forth into songs of praise, and are hushed again, like the waves of Gennesareth, by the voice of inspiration. The dinner, which follows close upon the first service, is generally cold, for the housewife, who will not stay at home from church to prepare her own meal, would hardly feel justified in requiring the assistance of a youthful domestic, who might be benefitted by the pastor's instructions. As the intermission is short, it is hardly over before the solemn peal of the bell, echoed along the rocky hillside, and softly whispered through the green valleys, calls her once more to the worship of her God. The second service is frequently followed by the exposition of a chapter from the Scripture, especially intended for those who blend in their own persons the simplicity

of childhood and the newly awakened hopes, the freshly opening vistas, of maturer life. Evening comes on. How lovely is the sunset radiance which fills the western sky, gleaming through the wavy masses of foliage, and shrouding the very zenith in crimson mist! Many an admiring glance does it attract from those who have gathered about the farmer's tea-table, and many a little one waits restlessly for the conclusion of the meal, that she may climb to the window, and gaze till her aching eyes involuntarily close upon this revelation of her God. Then comes the evening hymn, the gathering of the family circle, and the relation of the day's experience, or of a few stories strongly bearing upon practical principles, for the edification of its younger members; and then a psalm or a chapter from the Gospels; and all is still about the farm-house, save the flooding moonlight, which seems to live and move and have a being. It is the Sabbath night. Can this, the only, the cherished interruption of the duties, the monotonous labors of the week, seem other than a day of calm enjoyment, of rational rest?

Let us turn to the city, that city which worships not, like its great prototype of old, *an unknown God*. Does not the morning break, even here, with a charm which is all its own? Is the sunshine

ever so glad, or the western breeze so soft, as on the early summer Sabbath ? The very clouds in the blue heaven, and the leaves upon the trees, seem to dance in unison with the happy hearts of the teacher and the pupil, as they wend their way to the Sabbath school. And does that hour, which can never be made too pregnant with interest — an hour which ever seems too short — bring with it no conscious delight ? Perfect contentment is quiet in its nature ; it does not burst forth in the merry laugh, the frolicsome romp, or light and joyous bound, and one would think it had spread its mantle over our favored city, so still, so sacred in the morning light, lie the haunts of business. The exchange, the bank, the insurance office, the custom house, and the wharf, aye, every thing from the city hall to the huckster's stand, is deserted and alone. The thousands which throng them during the week have left them for the House of God, and the stray passer-by is self-rebuked. The air reverberates with the mingled cadences of many bells, and all but *he* have obeyed the answering impulse within them.

The words of inspiration have fallen upon our ears ; the voice of the preacher has reached our hearts ; and, pondering deeply upon man's duty and destiny, we have allowed ourselves to be drawn

away with the crowd, scarcely conscious whither, till a hum, as of multitudes, startles us, and we rouse ourselves from our reverie. We are in the Mall ; we are breathing the fresh air as it is wafted across the bay ; we are looking up to Heaven, in the presence of Nature and of God ; but alas, this is not all ! The worshipers of Fashion are about us, and if the language of smiles and bows, of courtesies and coquettices, be a written tongue, *their* god is not an unknown god ; its altar is at the corners of the streets.

Look up, Chevalier, and although ‘cards and dice, billiards and backgammon,’ are interdicted to our sober people, you might almost fancy yourself in the gardens of your own Tuileries, so very French are the manners and the dress, the hats, shawls, nay, even the very slippers of the throng into which we have so unwittingly intruded. Surely, that bright young girl who is numbering her fingers so eagerly, is enumerating her imaginary conquests, and the dark-haired fop who listens has forgotten, if he ever heard, the appropriate lesson of this morning’s pulpit ? Let us turn from this single cloud in our Sabbath sky to its fairer and brighter depths. The evening meal has been shared, the sun gives promise of a long twilight hour, and the working class, — the mechanics and day laborers,

with their wives and children,—have come up from the dark and narrow streets of the city, to inhale the cool, refreshing breeze, and to forget what they too often think the drudgery of their continued existence. Our exquisites have forsaken their fascinating parade, and we rejoice to see that it can be crowded with a far more useful class.' It does one's heart good to look round, catching the refreshing smile from the lips of the passers-by.

See how soberly, yet how pleasantly, this dense crowd rolls on : not an imprecation, not a vulgar ejaculation, nor an offensive epithet, falls upon the ear. Each is absorbed in his own contemplations, and it is surprising that so little of the deep satisfaction of the pedestrians should find expression.

The children are gambolling upon the green turf, or rolling down the graceful slopes, but even their mirthfulness is subdued, and as the evening star steals out, and the heavens yet glow with a reflected brilliancy, we cannot but sympathize with the happy beings who yet linger in the open air. Here is an Irishwoman with her clean and stiffly starched cap ;—she wears no bonnet—but her eye is not bent upon the extremity of a new parasol, or her neighbour's highly polished boot ; no, it is upward, and thus it is with the crowd. We stand aside, and let it pass, thanking God that our people are

yet natural and unconstrained ; hoping that they will never assume the airs of an aristocracy.

Look round, and the vast area that was so lately filled is empty. In returning to our own homes, we pass through the quiet streets. At every step we hear, through the open windows, a voice, most frequently a woman's voice, reading from the Scriptures, which have been her study throughout the day. A group of colored children are sitting upon the threshold of one door, repeating to each other the instructions of their several Sabbath teachers, while nearly opposite sits an elderly widow at the open casement where she has been reading. She has turned down the leaf, that she may be enabled to refer to the text, and while she ponders upon its sacred truths her folded hands rest upon the broad covers of the Bible. Aye, and in many a splendid mansion, where the crimson curtains are drawn close and the full light of the chandelier falls upon the glowing countenances of a youthful circle, childhood and old age and maturity are listening with delight to passages from the same holy volume. The father, the successful merchant, the lucky speculator, the much caring, much enduring man of business, sighs as he hears how hardly the rich man shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, stroking the golden locks of the fair daughter who is reading to the

younger children, and fondling thoughtfully the babe upon his knee. This is the Sabbath, and who dare say that it has passed heavily away, who will confess that its return is not anticipated with pleasure ? Who will *not* say, that if it be ever greeted with a sigh, it is but because it marks the passage of another week, of a thousand other of

' Those bright occasions of dispensing good,  
So seldom used, so little understood ! '

## II.

### TRUTH.

'Old men and beldams, in the streets,  
Do prophecy upon it dangerously.'

SHAKESPEARE.

'If a better system 's thine,  
Impart it frankly, or make use of mine.'

HORACE, EPIA. 1: 6.

'WHAT is truth?' exclaimed Pilate; and, as appears from the record, never waited for an answer. Let us repeat the question; not with any reference to disputed philosophies or rival faiths, but looking rather upon our individual obligations to society. What is more common than a protest against the falseness of the world! It would seem as if the very infant in arms might see how this is the one sin which underlies all others. How much more profitable, then, a heart-protest, entered by each man against his own.

Have you not observed that they who complain oftenest and most loudly of the idle words men

speak, are they who give these idle words their currency, who endorse falsehood for the many by accepting it themselves? Stand among the throng of men. Look at the beauty of Absolute Truth. Listen to the Gospel, as it denounces ‘whisperers and meddlers in other men’s matters.’ See how far the image of God, impressed upon your race, is perverted by wilful misdoing. Are you not moved to question, ‘How can this people escape the judgment to come? What may be done to correct this evil?’ Do you ever ask, does any body ever ask, “What can *I* do to lessen it?”

What is it to be true? It is not only to speak no lies, but to think no unjust thought. To listen to no presumptive criticism. To refuse to whispering malice the support of what may have been your own well-founded conjecture. To speak no word in jest, that earnest may repeat, and in speaking falsify. To act with a motive and to an end, in the face of the whole world; your own eye fixed on God, no matter whose on you. Always for your own highest good, and in that, for the highest good of all.

Nations must be regenerated through single men. It is true man does not create, but rather is created by, the exigencies of his time; yet, if you see that truth clearly which other men refuse to acknowl-

edge, upon you rests the responsibility of its development.

A false principle is advocated in your hearing, but you do not dare to strip it in the speaker's sight. A false word is spoken, of your enemy or your friend. In the first instance, it flatters your prejudice ; in the second, to deny it would be to offend a stronger than yourself. A false report is devised. The holiest of earth's ties furnishes matter for ingenious jesting. You know that the reputation, the happiness of another lies in your hands, but you withhold the word that might secure both, because your own ends may be served, or the idle fancy of an idle moment gather strength from the unrebuked insinuation. Your child begs for an indulgence ; your friend solicits a favor ; to relieve yourself from importunity you promise both. You are pressed for information ; your vanity is flattered ; you suggest what you do not know. You call it a suggestion, and the seeming caution gives it more authority than the boldest assertion. You mingle with an idle circle, and powers which were given you for a blessing you turn into a curse. The gossip of that circle is a temptation to your imagination. It was too dull of itself to live, but, retouched by your lively fancy and kindled by the fresh interest you bring to it, it is carried farther

and farther on its evil way. You call yourself a Christian, but are afraid to speak and act as one, since that is not, in the opinion of your fellows, the highest grace.

Excuse yourself you cannot by the plea of your own insignificance. Remember, rather, on your knees, your own God-given power. You have lived, not perhaps for low ends, but for none at all. You have been absorbed in trifles. Live but half so earnestly for truth as you have lived for these, and wait for the result. He who has fixed his thought upon the noblest unfolding of his nature, has no time for petty interests. He will never act unfitly, for the beautiful proportion of his whole life will invigorate even the moments of his relaxation. The healthy frame gives energy to the lifted finger, so the living soul gives power to the homeliest duty, even the wayside benediction.

Has your own experience not taught you how much a spoken word may do, or undo ? Know you not how strong hearts have bent and broken beneath the heavy follies of the false ?

To woman, to her whom God made to keep fresh in man's heart the image of the truth, to her who holds in her hand the destinies of coming time, such an appeal should not be made in vain. Has she echoed the vulgar detestation of Gossip ? Has

she taught her child that God is Truth ? Then let her be sure that in her daily converse the false and the true be not so indiscriminately mingled, that that child shall hardly tell to which her allegiance is plighted. If she cannot silence the thousand tongues of Rumor, she can, at least, govern her own. If she cannot expose falsehood, she can, at least, uncover the loveliness of Truth. Her whole life may be an open page, that he who runs shall read.

Suspicion shall never fix upon her, for her principles will speak through her presence, with a power which shall never be misunderstood. She will have no need to hide the thoughts, which, we have been taught, ‘once well conceived, are ever freely told ;’ and in earnest striving to keep her own heart pure, she will forget to exaggerate the failings of others.’ It is the indolent nature into which every meanness creeps. It is the darkened eye alone which sees the shadow on the sun. Woman’s heart is strong indeed, but in the embrace of truth is begotten of it a strength beyond its own. To every labor, every sacrifice, is such a strength competent.

She who has been as generous as just in passing her own judgment, need never fear the judgment of others. The truth which she has spoken shall

acquit her in her need. There was never yet a falsehood that some fact might not uncover. Take heed to the fact. God will take heed to the untruth.

Put off even the appearance of evil. If but your breath be tainted, Gossip will certify disease. It is upon the little evil which exists or seems to exist, that she rears her massive superstructure of possibilities.

### III.

## PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

'To find the medium asks some share of wit,  
And therefore 't is a mark fools never hit.'

COWPER.

'Do not ask yourself how your conduct may influence another,' said one not long since to his friend; 'act for yourself simply; nothing is so disagreeable as a person who confesses that really he would not be quite so puritanical as he is, but if he relax his moral discipline in the slightest, his error becomes an excuse for the errors of the many. You are a mere unit in a universe of millions; how absurd then seems this self-elation! What an undue importance you ascribe to your own influence, when you talk of the effect to be produced by your petty decisions.'

This attempt at argument bears a speciousness upon its face, likely to mislead a modest but conscientious inquirer. He will dread that egotism

which constitutes the current disease of society ; and who will be found to assert that any are egoists for conscience' sake ?

Nothing is so contemptible as the purpose of him who would render the most exalted abstractions of religion and philosophy subservient to his own selfish interests ; who seeks to be great-souled, only to be able to exert a sort of magnetic influence over the souls of others. If there be error in the opposite extreme, surely the greater error is here. But he who has sought truth for its own sake,—he who has been its patient and unyielding disciple,—may safely ask himself in what manner it is most prudent to present it to the aspirations of another. He may earnestly seek to identify his own with the Christian influence, and to realize in his own faith and practice yet more than the common conception of the law of love. This is but to add another to the many incentives to virtue, and this other, in many instances, perhaps the most powerful ; for, to a delicate conscience no liability could be so frightful as that of misleading the guiltless.

Beside, he who has given his best affections to any cause, will be tenacious of its honor ; would most naturally ask himself whether one line of conduct may not be more advantageous to its interests than another, and would shrink, beyond all things,

from bringing it into contempt among men by disgracing it in his own person.

How many of us constantly refer our deeds, our words, nay, our very thoughts to some remote influence which is oftentimes so indistinct that we almost fear our knowledge of it to be nought but a platonic memory? How many are bound to us by ties of affection and kindred whose moral perceptions may be quickened by a living example in their midst?

There is no vanity, no arrogance in this. If there be an ambition on earth which is pardonable, it is surely that which aspires to live in man's memory as an approximation to all that he most reverences in the development of his own nature, as a means of leading him to a higher conception of the Divine than he has yet known. 'Let me be the instrument,' it cries, 'and let man perceive the effect only in its relation to the Infinite Cause.'

It is well that every man should remember that if he gather not in with Christ, he must scatter abroad. A word, a look, a tone of music has sometimes wrought a change in character, which makes us tremble at the vast amount of our responsibility. All history is full of proofs that the destiny of the world has sometimes hung upon the magnanimity of a single woman, the stern resolve of one soldier, or the weak flight of a coquettish

queen. And yet these effected only outward results ; results which enter not into our calm republican calculations ; results far beneath the level of those which present themselves directly to our eyes. ‘Look into thine heart and write,’ said the German seer, and let each one of us ask himself how much of what we are or shall be depends upon that which others may do or have done. Many a time have the failing heart and sinking physical strength been carried to the door of want and sin, pregnant with energy and hope imparted by the far-reaching inspiration of an Oberlin or a Fry. Many a time has the spirit drooping in the path of duty been cheered by the memory of some one long passed to her last home ; who bore up nobly against greater trials, and whose undying influence brings, while it flushes the cheek with shame, new nerve to the faint heart. Often has the intellect, wearied in the pursuit of political or natural science, grasped the pen anew, as memories of De Staël and Somerville spoke loudly, that what humanity had done humanity might yet do.

Often when beset with temptation, mortality forgets its struggle in calm resolve ; for it remembers one who, tempted ‘in all points like as we are,’ was yet equal to the command ‘Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.’

'But I say unto thee,' spoke Jesus, 'that whosoever shall keep one of the least of these my commandments, and shall teach men so, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.' What teaching so powerful as that of an impulsive act, a nobly spoken word, or the concentrated power of a generous life?

Not many years ago, a little child, in returning from school, passed through a throng of boys. A few steps apart, she saw two, who, with swollen faces, uplifted hands, and words of horrible profanity, disputed some trifling point in the game they had left. As with reverent thoughtfulness she gazed upon the far off gleams of the setting sun, the sound of their voices reached her ear, and curdled the warm current in her veins. Timidly she hastened on, for the boys were much larger than herself, and never before had her young nature been shocked by the taking of God's name in vain. She could do nothing, she thought; she would leave them to God and their own hearts. Again she looked back, the noise had increased, and the larger boy had his foot upon the breast of his antagonist. 'I cannot leave them,' she exclaimed; 'perhaps they do not know how very sinful it is. What if I am so young?' — and in another moment her hand lay upon the arm of the enraged combatant. The

steady gentleness of her touch arrested his attention. With impatient carelessness he would have shaken her off, but a soft voice fell upon his ear. ‘A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another,’—and then, as his grasp relaxed, the torrent receded from his swollen veins, and his breath came slower, it added, ‘Do not forget it again, Jesus said it.’ The tears started to the boy’s eye,—the last glimmerings of day fell upon the brow of his young monitor, and ere the eager curiosity of those who had left their sport at her approach could be satisfied, in quiet dignity she was gone. From her own window the child awaited the result. There was no farther play. Awed by her simple eloquence, the party separated into smaller groups, and while, each with an arm about the other’s neck, the disputants walked slowly home, they spoke of the lesson all had received. ‘It was very rude in you to speak to those quarrelsome boys,’ said a hasty voice as the little one laid aside her satchel. She did not reply. The warm blush mantled on her cheek, as she met the displeased glance of a parent, but she could not regret. She has since passed into the full glow of maidenly reserve, wiser, perhaps, in regard to the conventions of society, but never yet, we suspect, regretting, for it chanced that upon the characters of those two

boys a permanent influence was exerted, and in this she herself saw noble fruits of the seed she had thus dropped by the wayside.

A word of weight is never spoken amiss. If it effect not what was intended, it has yet, in the final scope of things, a result. As the seed which is not quickened in the soil is trampled into and enriches it; so what is spoken to man's heart, if it unfold not its energies, may yet contribute in a more indirect way to their vitality. We talk about men of influence, institutions of influence, and we mean men and institutions possessing a large funded capital. There is a capital which is never bankrupt, which is always invested at the highest rates, and of this shall we refuse to avail ourselves? The man of most extended influence is he, whose Christian character impresses itself upon every spirit with which it comes in contact; who acknowledges that his responsibility to society involves a responsibility to God, and shrinks from no duty, however unpopular, which that responsibility may impose.

## IV.

### FAITH.

‘Evil is  
Good in another way, we are not skilled in.’  
— ‘the shadow which creation casts,  
From God’s own light.’

*FESTUS.*

AMONG the many words which men use oftener now-a-days than in olden time, is the word ‘faith.’ We hear of intellectual and moral faith, of faith in heaven, and humanity, until it would seem that the reiteration might banish all faltering from our lives, as it has already banished all ideas from our heads. It is worth while to ask ourselves, whether the feeling in the heart bears any resemblance to the word upon the tongue. Let us look calmly at this faith in God, about which we have so much to say, and see if it be good for any practical purpose.

To have faith in God, it is not necessary to believe that a direct providence interposes in behalf of every suffering individual. Let us admit this,

because, however dear this thought may be to ourselves, there are those who think it conflicts with the majesty of the Eternal, and that faith, which is needed by every man, should be rooted in somewhat which every man can accept. To have faith in God, it is necessary only to admit the fact of his existence. Evil is negative; it has no infinity, but stretches itself out as a background, upon which we may group the attributes of Absolute Good. It is barren, and can have no agency in forming or preserving a world. Only so far as spirit removes itself from God of its own free will, has evil power over it. If we believe, then, that there is a Being whose goodness knows no limit nor change, who created the first man and gave him his home; must we not also believe that He gave him life under certain conditions, which, faithfully fulfilled, must ensure its value and happiness?

If the world drew its first breath at the bidding of Infinite Benevolence, a consistent benevolence must wait upon its daily respiration, for the Infinite knows neither increase nor diminution. We must believe, then, that under the operation of general laws, merely, every physical or spiritual discipline tends to some desired end; that although each man may not be the especial object of God's care, it comes not into the scheme of things, and cannot

result from any imperfection in it, that unnecessary or unavoidable ills should assail any.

There seems to be a peculiar propriety in looking at this matter at a time when, as the conservative tells us, all former authority in religion and philosophy is set aside ; when, as the radical himself admits, the most momentous revolutions are occurring in both ; and when, as the simplest of us can see, the unchanging principles of both are more important matters of dispute among men, than in the olden time were houses, lands, or gold ; when states are tottering that have hitherto played ‘ catch and throw ’ with the world, as with a child’s ball ; when ‘ Crisis ’ is written on the face of affairs the world over, and Death makes himself at home beside every hearth-stone.

No wonder that mistaken men predict the end of the world. They find themselves in chaos, and look for ‘ a new beginning.’

To this ‘ new beginning ’ the essential element is a simple, child-like faith.

The faithful man bows to calamity, but to acknowledge the source from which it comes ; and as the cloud passes, we see only the deeper serenity left by the holy shadow on his brow. The man of the world loses his money, his friends, or his hold on the substantial honors of life, and our ears are

assailed by bitter wailing. To the lot of the faithful may fall the deeper curse of a ‘high spirit famishing;’ a life nobly led and perversely misunderstood; a great name tarnished by the common breath; a warm heart seeking that it may love, and left to throb alone; a home bereft; a spirit convulsed by the intensity of its own action; but not a murmur ever. He walks on his way as unfalteringly, and pillows his head on God’s truth as trustfully, as when the dream of life was to his young thought but one long summer’s day. This it is to live, seeing things in their true shape, because always in the light of God’s presence. How may such a life be attained? Does it imply that the soul has never faltered, the heart’s trust not for a moment been shaken?

Come with us to the bedside of one whom God’s hand has touched — most lightly, as it seems to us, since it has cut down by her side only the ‘ripe full ear;’ one whom the loving might have been glad to see gathered to His granary. As lightly before, it has touched her, and under what she deems the accumulation of her suffering, she allows herself to sink. Kind friends, near relations, wealth, and a long life of usefulness lie before her, but in selfish abandonment she turns away, and physical and mental energy are lost at once. There

seems to be no future possible but delirium. Speak to her of God, and she doubts. Of her own duty, to her it is but a name, since He who has borne and still bears heavily upon her soul, will require of it, she thinks, no upright action. No, she has only to prostrate herself as far as possible, and when He sees fit He will lift her up.

Now turn from her to one widowed suddenly by contagious disease, and the mother of a young infant and four small children. She is too weak to work, too much of a stranger in the city to beg, and whence bread for the morrow is to come she knows not. Her circumstances have bewildered her mind, and it is curious to see how earnestly she welcomes the coming of one who will think for her. She grasps eagerly the first feasible plan of action, and with scarce a possibility of success, applies herself to her task. We speak somewhat doubtfully; we wonder that she finds energy to rouse herself. ‘What ever came,’ she says with some surprise, ‘What ever came of folded hands? Surely, God never blessed the idle?’ and in the fact that the father of her children was an ‘honest man,’ she finds incitement to honorable effort.

We will not pursue her story, but let us, at least, repeat her words: ‘What ever came of folded hands?’

Not faith. The strongest are not always free from doubt. Every great truth is come at through suspense and struggle, but it is the duty of man to restore himself to loftiest calmness, by living that faith he would have. God will never lift him up who has wilfully cast himself down. Put out your hand for strength, as you uncover the cistern in a shower, otherwise the Divine efflux is turned aside. In proportion as you live a righteous and simple life, will you have faith in righteousness and simplicity. Suppose yourself tormented by a sense of your own insufficiency,—the very sunlight a shadow to your eye,—life offering no pleasure in the future,—your only desire, as you say, to obey the last summons.

There is always sufficiency without you. There is always a broad noon, which may be carried into the hearts of others by the deepest mourner that ever trod the earth. There is duty, if not pleasure, for to-morrow and to-day, and as for this waiting, ‘What ever came of folded hands?’

Reunion with those you have lost? No, never. This passive endurance of suffering builds up a wall of separation between you and them. They were not inactive, and with them the indolent can have no fellowship. To this your daily service must entitle you. You must stand erect and firm

of yourself, before you can hope to keep pace with their healthy souls.

In anguish, no matter how bitter, man has but one question to ask ; not ‘ Whence has this come ? ’ but ‘ How shall it be made a Godsend ? ’ What harvest shall the soul garner, if it cherish the bitter seed ? You have no faith because the fields are not already white. This may not be possible to you ; but an humble imitation of the faith of Christ will be. You can watch and water and weed, and God will give the increase.

Mourner, who weepest in weakness, never is man less alone than in his grief. Rise up and seek those who suffer like thyself ; impart consolation, thou who needest it, though it be but by the pressure of thine hand. Speak strong and true words if thou wilt, and find in that deepest peace for thy need. Promises that faltered on thy tongue shall possess unfalteringly thine heart.

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## V.

### THE VISION OF GOD.

'The pure in heart shall see God.'

WHAT is it to *see* God? To fix a firm eye upon the Absolute Good; to look with a steady faith upon Truth and Love, knowing that they shall never change; to reposè in the Eternal Father, as children on a mother's bosom, nay, with somewhat more than the confidingness of inexperience, with the clear-sighted trust of him who 'has proven that thing whereof he affirms.' Many an unspeakable gift is in His hand, many a good thing lightens the heaviness of our care, and helps us not so much *through* the world as '*over* it.' I have seen some stand in the exercise of intellectual faculties; others in the value of their own labor; others, again, in the abundance of worldly gifts, yearly pulling down their barns to build greater; and some beside, in the sanctity of a home, in the deep sympathy of one,

or the blessed, uplifting communion of young hearts. But mind will stagger like a strong animal, when pressed too far ; the hand will tremble with years, or the steam-engine outstrip its skill ; the harvest may be blighted, and they that go up and down upon the sea in ships lie calmly with their treasure beneath the moving waters ; nay, in the highest earthly communion there is somewhat that disappoints. As in mechanics the smoothest surfaces of glass cohere but do not wholly meet ; so in life, those hearts that lie most at peace with God find yet projections in themselves, which keep them ever a little apart. There is air between man and his brother ; and amidst so much which passeth or satisfieth not, what shall abide, what give content ? This vision of God.

If in any wise our Father in Heaven disappoint us ; if at any moment we have looked on him and seen no loveliness, leaned on him and found no strength ; trusted in him and been deceived ; then in our own hearts is the root of this evil. It is not that God can change, but we are never the same. It is not that one jot or tittle of his law shall pass away, but that we have erected to ourselves a lower law which cannot remain. If you would see God ; if you would know what it is to withstand in graceful repose the heaviest shock of fate, purify your own

heart. This was the word of Jesus, and from his time to the present every prophet has echoed it. Our conception of God will depend upon our faithfulness to the image of himself which he has set within us, an image never veiled save by our wilful sin. In this body, whose requisitions are often hard to meet, he has framed a temple for himself. We are ready enough to build him sanctuaries ; he asks us first to preserve unsullied the holy of holies which is the work of His own hand. We are ready to send forth preachers ; he demands of us that we silence not the still, small voice. We are ready to bow before his altar ; his first word is, stand erect in your own souls. Would you sanctify the work of your hands ; would you give in simple earnestness the highest law to man ; would you erect an altar at which angels might commune ; then strive by the attainment of purity in your own soul to make transparent to yourself the will of an Infinite Purity ; by the discipline of your own heart to open a way to the hearts of the people. Familiar to us all is the beautiful fiction of that Lethean stream which washes out, in its calm and equal flow, the memory of pain and sin, which gave in the imagination of the Heathen world that peace to the troubled soul, which under the law of Christ follows the very consciousness of a life well spent. Dante

shows us his Pilgrim leaving the place of anguish, and standing on the brink of its sluggish stream, yet forced to bind himself with the *reeds* which grow upon the borders of oblivion, before the tide will pass over him. The Holy Spirit, as it flows in upon the heart of man, answers not the Christian's cry for peace, till, wrapt in humility as in a garment, he sees first his own weakness, and so clearer by contrast the power of God.

How shall I see God ? No man since the creation hath seen him fully. How, indeed ! Shall I know the good if my own heart be evil ? Shall I believe in him who heareth the young ravens when they cry, if my heart be closed to mine own flesh ? Shall I discern Absolute Justice, while power, and office, and love of money can silence the tongue commissioned to put down iniquity in high places ? Shall I have faith in any reconciliation with God, who have never yet been reconciled to my brother ?

Have you felt the length and breadth of that law, 'Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect,' but still has your faith failed you ? Then must you *prove* the thing whereof you affirm. Prove it in your own soul. If your assurance of love or peace, long-suffering, or lofty determination, a willingness to die for the truth's sake, shall waver, go straightway, and show in your own

life how these things may be. Warm yourself to widest charity by the pillow of some shivering brother ; hush the tumult of your own passions ; bear with the irritations of your own lot ; be true to your own convictions of right, in the face of opposing friends and circumstances, perhaps the cowardly quaking of your own heart ; and once more you shall feel yourself established in the faith. If such manifestations are to be found in the limited experience of one weak man, the simplest power of thought will lead you at once to the unlimited realization of this crude virtue in God. Keep his temple prepared and He will come and dwell in it. Listen, and he will speak. Minister, and His own hand shall kindle the sacrifice.

Men live without God in the world. While they breathe his breath, drink in the stream of his bounty, feed upon the bread of his hand, they turn their faces from His image in their souls, and practically deny that He is. It is their ‘desolation’ that ‘begins to make’ for them ‘a better life.’ So in the world will some men exhaust a brother’s purse, and finding him poor, remember for the first time that he has been rich, forgetful of benefits, until their sudden removal proves them to have been daily bread. Shame on the craven soul that waits to miss, before it bends to bless, the Heavenly

Father! In a wicked and ungrateful spirit, we may cast our brother off ; but if we close our eye never so blindly to the sunshine, it will yet warm us. If we deny God's love, it encircles us none the less ; if we refuse to give we must yet receive.

Life has cares, wrestlings of the spirit, which we must bear and cannot avoid ; it has joy, strength, riches which we must seek and may not win ; but there is a way of deliverance from each of these first, a certain inheritance of the best of these last, dependent upon our own will. If the presence of God be indeed the peace of heaven, if your heart have ever longed for its rest, then open to yourself this way, make sure of this inheritance. You believe me — for you have had your share of the world's buffeting, you have seen strength wasted for vanity, money spent for that which is not bread ; but in the sleep of indolence you put off your salvation ; know you the hour of your own waking ? Work now, for the night cometh — wait now, for the time shall be when God's own voice shall call you into rest.

## VI.

### INSULT TO THE HOST.

*'This do in remembrance of me.'*

IT was at the close of the fourteenth century, when the imagination of the Christian world had been taxed to its utmost to find some new horror worthy of being charged upon the unoffending Jew, that the worn-out cry, the echo of long-past ages, — ‘Insult to the Host,’ — ran through the church, and the Jew of Brussels, who not only sacrificed immense treasures to procure an opportunity for the gratification of his hate, but paid for his temerity by a death of horrid and protracted torture, was at least as worthy to sit at the Master’s table as those who gathered about it only to take bitter counsel together in a vain effort to depress yet farther a world-persecuted people. Strange, indeed, to those who look at the fact in the perspective of five centuries, seems the delusion of men, who not only thought their unrelenting persecution of the

sons of Abraham justified by God, but supported their position by miracle, and asserted that when the knife of the circumcised touched the consecrated wafer, the warm blood of the crucified Redeemer gushed forth. Stranger still seems the gorgeous procession that annually, to this day,—we speak advisedly,—that annually, to this day, parades the streets of the German city, in sacred commemoration of the agonized death of the culprit, Jonathan of Enghien. Little need have we, however, to check our wonder here; the nineteenth century is scarcely so faithful to the Gospel of Love, that it dare sit very long in open judgment upon the fourteenth. It is more honorable by far in it to investigate its own short-comings, and listen to the deep murmur of ‘Insult to the Host,’ given out by the suffering Christianity of the present age.

In the times of which we have just spoken, few Christians seemed to reflect that the spirit of revenge in which they advocated their faith implied a deeper insult to the risen Lord than the trampling of the wafer beneath the foot of the Israelite. So now, perhaps, there are those who honor with their lips and obey with their outward life the law of Christ, yet pierce him hourly afresh in their inmost hearts. ‘There is truth enough in England to save humanity,’ said a moral reformer, not long

since, ‘if it were but *spoken* truth.’ So is there piety enough in Christendom to leaven the five races of men, were it but thrown out, crystallized in action—not only the action of men in relation to each other, but the action of the affections, aspirations, and impulses in every heart, in relation to its own individual life. Spiritual communion is the truest memorial of Jesus, and whatever jars upon the soul, destroying its equilibrium and sinking the spirit below the uplifting love of the Master, is also an ‘Insult to the Host.’

‘Pray without ceasing,’ said the Apostle, and there seems something of cant in speaking of special preparation for the Communion. The Christian needs to strive *continually* for oneness with the mind of Christ, but he is weak, and there will be, though there should not, moments in which the lower man will assert supremacy, and the loveliness of the Divine Image be effaced in his soul. Nor is such supremacy always the passing exercise of doubtful authority. Struggle after struggle is sometimes necessary, before he can reassert himself a free man, and then this simple rite, binding, as it should, all the followers of Jesus upon earth with the spirit of forbearance and the humble love of heaven, is a means of liberty. It is chiefly as a new means that the Communion presents itself to

the Christian, and he who is seeking earnestly will not pass by a yet inferior aid. When the spirit is too faint to stand upright of itself, the sympathies of the church, finding utterance through him who ministers at its altar, close about and uphold it, and wine and bread become rather emblems of Heaven-born joy and strength than death and Calvary.

It is sad to see how little of truth there is in the common estimation of the rite. Some of us come up to the altar as to the stronghold of a party. On the first Sabbath of every month we bind ourselves anew to the support of some special doctrine, or the extermination of some abominated heresy. Some of us come and go, and are not enriched. Some of us partake of the elements and murmur sacred words, and tune our lips to melody so sweet and mournful that its echo in the spirit starts the inward tear, yet leave the altar with hearts as impatient, and spirits as querulous, and tones as rough, as when we came up. The Dove has not rested on our souls ; we feel not the encircling arms of the Father ; we know not, that having stood within the holy of holies, our presence should be lowlier, our rebukes more gentle, our patience more enduring, our very footfall lighter, for that and many a long day. Thus it is with those who indeed drink of this cup. As the faltering Israelites

shrank from the love-lighted face of their prophet, so the weaknesses of humanity evade the clear daylight of such a presence, while all that is strong and good and beautiful in its inward life comes out to be strengthened and uplifted and enriched. More than once have I seen the delicious sky of a New England summer bending to meet the joyous green of the trees, above the altar where a man venerable with years has exhorted his brethren to pledge themselves anew, in the cup of the sacrament, to support the creed by which they were bound, and to combat, so far as in them lay, such as the weak judgment of the brotherhood deemed untrue to God. More than once in Southern climes, where it seems as if the very bounty of nature might move men's hearts to widest beneficence, have I seen the sacred emblems of suffering love refused to the thirsting disciple because 'another communion' had received him. Another communion ! as if there could be any communion beside that of the Son ; as if the table about which all Christendom gathers could belong to any pastor, bishop, priest, or church ; as if it had ever been other than the proper refreshment of all willing hearts ! This more than all things do we need to learn. More than once, yea, many times, North and South, the wide world through, may we all see those who, in

their mistaken desire to benefit others, talk much, and with strange bustle, about the duties of the church, the privilege of the sacrament, and the value of piety, forgetting all the while, like some of the fourteenth century, to be just to their dependents, merciful to the needy, or courteous to their equals ; to check the idle censure of idler minds ; to uproot a starting falsehood ; to call men and things by their right names.

Go up, then, thou who falterest in thy walk, but first put from thee every species of unkindness, self-will, or indecision ; remember no more the injury, the irritation, or the accident, which shattered thy self-control but yesterday. Prepare the temple for the willing spirit. Not of thine own power cometh the indwelling God, but thou canst, at least, invite him to thee by the sacrifice of a lowly and a contrite heart. Rememberest thou the zealots of olden story, who, rushing with profane, intemperate haste to the rescue of the Ark of God, fell death-stricken as their hands touched it ? Be sure, then, that, in thy simple appeal to Infinite Mercy, thou keep the balance steadily between earnestness and judgment ; that thou open thine heart to the river of Love ; that thou bear up to Heaven, on thine ascending spirit, the frailties of all the world ; and if sometimes thou turn aside and sigh for those who

3em to thee far gone astray, let the loveliness of thy life win them back to thee and to thy faith. Imbibe, so far as thou mayst in these rare glimpses of the higher world, the spirit of him who healed the wound inflicted in his own defence. Remember that his last prayer was for the salvation of one who had offended against that law of truth in behalf of which he sacrificed his life. Value thy faith, but for the sake of it undervalue not the faith of others.

## VII.

### THOUGHTS ON EXPEDIENCY.

'I always watch the indications of circumstances as they arise, and never, unless the voice of duty clearly calls, press any undertaking against opposing circumstances ; lest, by so doing, I should cross the course, or take myself out of the current of God's providential dealings.'

BISHOP JEROME.

THE above proposition contains a clause which begs the whole question for the worthy bishop. When the 'voice of duty clearly calls,' no right-minded man can hesitate ; but the truth is, that in a great many people this voice only whispers, and that which we hear, may not be audible to our next neighbour. No two men are governed to the same degree by considerations of duty. Most of us modify them to suit our love of ease or our cowardice. One man leaves them on the church steps, and another picks up his, like a bundle, every night when he returns from his business. Only a lofty, enviable few are moved by them, with divine consistency, at all moments and in all places. Who has

not heard it said of a call of ceremony or an unanswered letter—‘Oh, let it go, we can attend to that at any time !’ To such a statement we should never approximate ; even for trifles there is a right time, and if it be our duty to feel an interest in all men on account of our common nature, it is likewise our duty to neglect no social convention which may serve to manifest it. All the sound common-sense of the Saxons has not acquiesced in certain forms of life, for centuries, without some good reason, and until we can furnish better, we are bound to comply with their requisitions. It is evident, then, that this ‘clear call of duty’ had better be left out of the question, and the subject considered on the usual grounds ; for we may be sure that few men will be found to kick against the pricks for obstinacy’s sake, or the mere pleasure of it ; and the practical inquiry is reduced to this : Does Expediency, as it is commonly understood by men, mean any thing commanded by God ? To many of us this question will prove of no little importance, for if the said bishop be right in his conclusions, then our whole lives will have been wrong.

We know nothing of Bishop Jebb, nor are we surprised that others, besides ourselves, have in some way connected his name with a volume of sermons which they never opened. We cannot imag-

ine that a man governed by expediency could ever write one living sermon, or leave behind him a name worthy of a nation's conscious remembrance.

'If a better state of things is ever to come,' said lately the Rev. Andrew Peabody, 'and everlasting righteousness is ever to be brought in, it is necessary that some men should stand upon a higher platform than the many, and those who do stand there will always be exposed to obloquy and derision.' Your appreciation of these words will not be lessened by the fact, that the word 'expedient' cannot be found in the mouth of Christ, either in the original or translated New Testament. In the only instance where the word is found in the translation, which is in John, where our Saviour says, 'It is expedient for you that I go away,' it might be otherwise rendered with equal fidelity, and is incapable of any sinister interpretation.

Those who stand upon the platform of reform will be looked up to by those who stand upon things as they are, and constitute the public opinion of the world. Men look *up*, unfortunately, quite as often with envy as with reverence, and say to those above them, 'You are up there, are you? to look over our heads! Poor fools, you had better come down. Your thrones of state are inverted pyramids; see how they totter; we are safer here on the firm

ground.' But the wise man answers earnestly, 'Not so ; we climbed up here not to look over *you*, but to catch the first glimpse of the great light which breaketh in the east, to bring you the tidings of great joy. It may be that we sit on pyramids ; but if we sit calmly and peacefully, they will only fix themselves more and more firmly as they settle into the great foundations of human life and duty ; and as up here we always breathe the purest air, we shall have better health wherewith to heal some wounds and bruises than those under us.' And this is the true view of the case. Many motives influence men when they refuse to uphold a new truth with the whole force of their already firm conviction. Love of ease, love of reputation, fear of ridicule, and then, last and saddest, because this symptom shows itself in the highest class of minds, a want of faith in God's truth in its first germ of development, and a fear to lose influence in some direction in which they have already served their race, by taking hold in another which is either unpopular or misunderstood. With the love of ease we have no sympathy. 'God meant this to be a hard world,' said Dr. Gannett, not long ago, 'and it generally is so.' He was right ; God means that we shall work for our daily bread, and the opposing circumstances which make us quail are

like sharp edges put into the hands of growing children. If we cut our fingers, it is our own fault. He means that we shall learn the noble art of self-defence, and turn them into weapons of great power. Yes! this may be a beautiful, a glad world. The atmosphere which curtains it may glow with God's love, the grass which carpets it may be fresh with the dew of his mercy, and those eyelet-stars in the deep blue may be, as the blind child said, only the 'God looking through' to cheer us. But it must be, if it answers its end, a *hard* world. Labor should not make it an unhappy one.

The love of reputation can never be a righteous motive. It is a pleasant thing to find that men are conscious of honor to themselves in sympathy with us; but the moment we become actuated by this pleasure, they catch us in the act, and reputation is gone. What is more contemptible than a man who always thinks of himself and his? 'Have you looked at the state of your soul?' said a revivalist, meeting the great Clarkson in the street. 'Thank God,' was the indignant reply, 'I have been too busy in saving the souls of other men.' Such a remark may be abused, doubtless, but few things shock us so much as the selfish bitterness of him, who sees in religion only a means to save his *own* soul from the torments of hell; or in great truths,

only a new means to enhance his *own* reputation. Could we but secure the future purity of our race, ought we not to be willing to be buried from man's memory in our act? The consciousness would be ever ours.

With the fear of ridicule all men have some sympathy. We hate to put what is precious before the swine of the world. We care not to hang jewels before senseless blocks. But God, infinite and loving, hangs them before our dull eyes, without misgiving, and the song which the angels sing about His throne as he does so, is, ' Go ye, and do likewise.' If we cannot *create* in ourselves the trust of an Infinite Being, let us humbly *imitate* it.

Then comes a want of faith in the germ of God's truth. Men of quite common powers are sometimes gifted with this faith in a very high degree; while others, who scale the heights of science, and play at games of chance with whole formations and systems, tremble for that which is greater than themselves. When we see how some men fear to trust to infinite power, how they fear to support the truth of Him who is founded on a rock, while only two or three can be found to help them, we wonder if they ever ask how the world stood before they came into it; know they how it was created without their help?

Again, the fear of losing a useful influence, for which he is responsible to God, has held back many a man from his duty. Shortsighted creatures that we are, know we not that men and things pass in the main for what they are worth ? The child who tosses a pebble into the snowy surge on the beach, thinks only of his play ; but no more certainly does that widening ripple widen on, till the water laves the foot of the very Hindoo with a more rapid motion, and the solid earth quivers again, than the power of every true man has its whole force in the world ; and, spreading before and behind, and on either side, shakes the whole world of mind. If your influence be worth any thing, no prejudice can diminish it. It streams from under the throne of God. It may not move some half dozen men whom you love, but it will move with all the strength it ever had in the direction that God wills. If it be worth nothing, and you have been all your life deceived, the sooner your bubble breaks, and you *know* it, the better. It must have done so at some not very distant day. No timid man ever succeeded in being of use to the world. Look round you ; those whom you most honor are bold men. Perhaps they are conservatives ; you do not honor them for *that*, but because in some point they have stood boldly and fearlessly before the world, reformers in

their meek sphere, betterers of the condition of those about them.

It will be seen that where we should have argued we have *felt*; but oftentimes feelings are but the instincts God implants, and far surer than our reasonings. If we see a man boldly supporting the right and failing in it, we know that it is not his support of the right which fails, but some *falsehood* in him, or those that work with him. Create your own circumstances; it is in your power. Stumble over that block of marble, or like the patient East Indian, with no other tool than your finger nail, chisel out of it a form of grace and life, that shall cheer both you and your neighbour. And if there be any man who, having climbed with hope as far as he will, looks now with longing back upon the valleys of repose, and thinks that our earnestness is but young blood run mad, let us tell him, that while we abhor expediency, standing as a bar at the gate of Heaven, we honor wisdom, that wisdom which was in Christ, above all things. He never shrank, but he never insulted. He never thought of danger, but he sought not to make *himself* obnoxious. He held the truth of God too dear to split it on that rock. He reverenced the light he carried, and sheltered it from every gust, not hiding it to please his fellow-men, but looking to it that it shone *clear*.

So far as we are concerned, let our resolution be earnestly taken, to speak the truth upon all great questions, in the measure which is given to us, neither waiting for other men nor seeking to lead them. In appealing to this nation in behalf of the slave, there are two ways of proceeding. We can begin by making the slave-holder enraged and an enemy. We can assure him of crimes which never entered his thought, and thus effectually stop his ears. We cannot wonder that the ignorant but really devotional Methodist of the South is angry and not penitent, when our Dublin friend, James Haughton, tells him that he would put 'God Almighty up to auction,' if he had it in his power. It may be that such things must be said, to rouse men to consciousness of their great sin; but we believe it were truer to say, that if he truly realized the presence of God in man, he would not dare to put the humblest of his colored brethren there. It were wiser to begin by stating great principles, by calling upon him as a friend, to look at the crimes which are legitimate fruits of the institution he upholds. He knows very well that the physical evils of slavery are not greater, on the whole, than those of freedom to a similar class; here he cannot be argued with; but, having tried all higher means, do not disdain to show him the infinite evil which

has accrued to the white race in consequence of slavery, and the great pecuniary loss it has caused to the whole South.

Let him who takes hold of an unpopular truth, only to make it more so, beware. Stand back from the ark, oh thoughtless brothers; you are responsible to God for *temper*.

How ungrateful in us to keep ourselves 'out of difficulty,' at the expense of the moral life of coming generations, when those who scorned expediency in the past have done so much for us. That which we do with a fair wind and tide seems only half to belong to us; another might have done it as well, or perhaps blind nature brought it about a little later; but when opposing circumstances beset us, the *individual* is roused, and I do what only *I* was born to do. Had Jesus of Nazareth waited for favoring circumstances, for public opinion to demand him, he would never have taught. Christians would never have gathered in the tombs of Rome, nor Robinson, at a later day, have sought a home on our rock-bound shore. Had Columbus waited for favorable circumstances, he would have died a ferryman at Genoa; Ferguson would have watched sheep till his dying day; Madame Roland would have made puddings instead of epigrams; and Fulton would have stopped at collecting drops from the spout of a tea-kettle.

## VIII.

### THY SISTER.

'Touch her not scornfully, think of her mournfully,  
Gently, and humanly :  
Not of the stains on her ; all that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.  
Alas ! for the rarity of Christian charity,  
Under the sun !  
O, it was pitiful ! near a whole city full.  
Home she had none.  
Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed ;  
Love by harsh evidence thrown from its eminence,  
Even God's providence,  
Seeming estranged.'

THOMAS HOOD.

'TOUCH her not scornfully,' oh daughter of rank  
and wealth ; her soul is as precious in the sight of  
God as yours, her infant head nestled as close to a  
mother's tender heart, her tottering steps were  
watched as fondly, and the first bloom of her cheek  
was quite as fair. Perhaps—and God forgive us  
that we must so write it—perhaps it was your  
selfishness or ours that made her what she is. Is

she not the tender child whom we sent suddenly from our door, when with a confiding heart, she begged in the Master's name for a crust of bread and a cup of cold water ? Is she not the washer woman whom we left unpaid for weeks, or the seamstress whom we underpaid ? Perhaps — and this last is the saddest thought of all — perhaps she is the repentant Magdalen, whom in the pride of indignant virtue we sent from our roof, when after a week of faithful service we discovered that tale of agony, which, shameless as she once was, she could not bring her desecrated lips to speak. How blessed a privilege it is that we cannot know the truth of what we half suspect ; if we could but see as God sees, our thoughtless hearts might break beneath the weight of hitherto undreamed responsibility. The time has passed by, if it ever existed, when the flush upon a woman's cheek, as she looks upon a fallen sister, can rightly excuse her from an immediate effort in her behalf. It is no longer fitting that for modesty's sake she should seem to be ignorant of the evil that lies all about her, and keep herself free from taint at the expense of a ruined band of her sex. The revelations but recently made in regard to the state of licentious crime in the city of Boston, have roused a few interested individuals to warmer exertion, but the assembled

wisdom of the Christian churches has thought fit to suppress a majority of the facts of the case, fearing to expose this accumulated mass of fearful sin to the naked gaze of a young community. We blame them not ; they have done the best they knew, for God knows that the saddest of the sad problems set before every individual parent, and yet unsolved, is this : ‘ Will my child be best protected in this matter by knowledge or ignorance ? What can I do to save him from this abyss which for ever yawns before my eye ? ’ Yet we cannot but think that a knowledge of individual cases, no matter how revolting, is needed to thrill the soul and wake the energies of woman. As the great mass of women are situated, surrounded by vigilant friends, guarded not more by the careful bias of sedulous education than by a natural or acquired coldness of temperament and an utter ignorance of opportunity, they know little of the trials of those who, without friends, without education, without any object of love for a yearning heart, in the midst of opportunity, are the all but *necessary* victims of the indifference or ignorance of society. The gossip of private circles will not enlighten them ; they need a body of terrible facts, presented in a religious and kindling spirit to their timid hearts. The ignorance which prevails is to us hardly less fright-

ful than the sin itself, and, as we have placed ourselves face to face with the latter in all its varieties, and felt our blood boil, and our heart throb, and our brain grow dizzy, at the indifference of man to the ruin he creates, hot tears have been the witness to the striving of our soul to attain to some means of remedy to be placed in the hands of our own sex. Not yet escaped from school, we had seen enough of the volcanic elements at work in society. We had seen an infant of six years, born in the house of sin, systematically trained by its chief mistress to the life of one of its votaries, and lured on, by such inducements as it could understand, to acts of disgusting profanation. We had seen a faithful domestic leave a family who had loved her for years for the arms of one who, by a pretended marriage, mocked her affectionate heart. Then, flying from the rebuking smile of his new-born infant, we saw him leave her on a bed of straw in a damp cellar, thankful for such charity as the frail but needy mother of eight starvelings could bestow; until only her orphaned babe was left to appeal to the still warm if desecrated sympathies of one who shared with it through life her scanty crust. From the number of a religious class of which we were a happy member, we had seen a young companion, loving her teacher and evidently

feeling the refining influence she shared with us, lured on by the love of *ease* to a position fuller than the rack of straining agony. A year or two later, and more than one who had listened to the dispensation of mercy, as it fell from the lips of a tenderly beloved pastor, in common with ourselves, forfeited for ever, without any ostensible motive, her own self-respect. And later still, some five years since, the spoiler came among our own flock, and the child whom we had gathered from the crowded alley and watched over with the tenderness of an 'elder, not a better,' whose growing indications of talent and quickness had gratified our pride, was won over to the evil one by the glittering lights and gay decorations of an evening ball. Never shall we forget the agony of our own spirit as we remonstrated with the indulgent mother, who, having worked night after night to minister to her daughter's love of dress, now felt the springs of life failing within her, and with a craven spirit gave over her soul to death. Never shall we forget our own agony, for we knew how that child had been in our hands and we had not kept her; and we trembled when we remembered the development under our own eye of the passion which had proved her ruin. How months before we had seen an article of our own dress, useless and fine, a gift and not the

choice of its wearer, imitated in gay colors and coarse materials by her whom we were mourning. We remember, too, how we talked with her on the subject and blamed ourselves in her presence, and how we never went again to the place of our Sabbath meeting wearing the simplest decoration, but discarded, for her sake, the very few it was our taste to wear. Still we could never forget that in the infancy of her passion it had gathered strength from our example. The doors of the house of sin closed on her. Our coming, for we sought her there, was watched and prepared for ; we never met again ; yet shall there be one last meeting, when our own trembling spirit may well dread to render in its sad account. This is not all : but we will not pursue our own experience. Thus far it may serve to show that we have had frequent and bitter reason to consider the subject of which we speak, and to give some weight to counsel,— the result of a personal knowledge of the many paths to sin. We have known many ruined, who have been led beyond the power of self-recovery in utter ignorance of the poison concealed in the flowers they gathered.

But to enlarge on this is not our province. We hasten to press upon our own sex the exercise of a power which they only too surely hold. Oh woman !

busy of late in discussing your own rights, turn, we beseech you, one longing glance towards this, the noblest mission of the first and last of your sex,—the power to save souls.

God-given, it is God-required, and in the flood of beauty and blessing that shall pour into your hearts as you exercise it, you shall receive your highest reward. We know not the sources of many of the evils that afflict humanity, but may we not be sure, that when you shall be true to yourselves and seek only the noblest exercise of your powers, they will, should they still exist, be deprived of their sting? As single individuals, you cannot abolish slavery, drunkenness, or war, but you can often, in your single power, avert the evil of which we are speaking.

And, first, a great deal may be done for others by a faithful culture of your own nature. There is no such thing as concealing what you are; you will pass for what you are worth. Be worth, then, all you can, and if from a false delicacy you have avoided the consideration of the duties which you owe your sex in this relation, from this moment devote yourself to them. Seek above all things for a healthy and honest power of looking at the subject. Have no morbid sympathies with the consequences of sin, as you see them set forth in fiction,

without any consideration for the victim that you encounter in actual life. Look at her, prostrate with fatigue and misery upon the curb-stone. ‘But for the grace of God,’ says Baxter, ‘there were’—yourself. Try to realize this, and remember that your own virtue is not so much your own merit as the effect of circumstances over which you had no control. There are exceptions to this statement, but it is ordinarily so. Above all, consider that there are *states of mind* more guilty than some single deeds. We know many young and in intention pure, whose minds are ripe for the sophistries which at first delude, were they left unprotected by circumstances or friends. They have become so by devout reading of French and German romances, which leave them destitute of distinct ideas of right and wrong. The coarse vulgarity of the French is perhaps less dangerous than the mystic grace of the German, and might act as an antidote on a very strong mind. But the latter is rapidly pervading even French literature, and you may be sure that no knowledge of real life can be half so dangerous to young persons as the reading they find for themselves. You must not walk in a charmed atmosphere ; you must be willing to bear your share of the dreadful burden of life ; only so can you become worthy of the joy of Heaven. Be sure that

every thing which God has made holy you keep so. Tolerate no coarse allusions, no rude jests, in connection with the most sacred hours and aspects of life. Let your bearing in regard to them be equally pure in the society of your own sex or the other. Despise, if you will, this hint to an incalculable personal influence, but you will be mistaken.

Next to this culture of self comes your influence upon the minds of men. Very few of you know how great this *is*; still less how great it *might be*. Shame has little restraining influence on the profligacy of men, in the present condition of society. And what wonder? Women have universally considered it due to their own delicacy to ignore the private delinquencies of those whom they meet in society, to treat all agreeable and well-bred persons as if they stood on the same platform of moral excellence. And yet drunkenness does not leave a deeper mark on man than the indulgence of his passions, and the most pure-minded woman will the soonest detect this. She ought to feel that with her knowledge is connected a sacred responsibility. We would not advise any woman to deliver a moral lecture to every delinquent she encounters. What she ought to do must be left in every case to her own tact and moral sense. To have a clear sense of duty in the matter is the first thing need-

ful. Those who are in the habit of listening, in the family circle, to the remarks of girls conversant with gay life upon the men they meet there, know that *ignorance* cannot absolve them from this. In the course of conversation a thousand opportunities will occur for the manifestation of strong feeling, and that tone of thinking and acting which you require in men. Make use of them ; tolerate no coarseness nor half-veiled allusions to unwelcome subjects ; above all, no jest upon the frailty or the folly of your sex ; let the good name of a sister be as dear to you as your own. These last are fitting matters of personal rebuke. The esteem in which he holds the purity of woman is a fair test of a man's own purity. You remember, doubtless, the cool deliberation with which Byron planned and *accomplished* the ruin of one unsullied in reputation, matchless in beauty, and recently a bride, led on, as he declared, by his 'knowledge of the female heart.' Oh, would to God it were a want of knowledge ! at least, do all you can to make it so. Nor are your only occasions of influence such as we have pointed out. Great purity and simplicity of soul will impress itself upon your dress, your manner, and your whole personal carriage. See that it does so : be careful that no fashionable freedom of either stimulate in those about you the

passions from whose fury you are protected, but which will nevertheless be vented afterward upon some other less fortunate, but, as God knows, often-times more innocent, than yourself. Next in importance comes a careful regard to the consequences of every action. Send no beggars from your door, however unworthy, hungry, or cold. God gives *you* not your deservings. Be sure that you do not press a fellow-being to the brink of sin otherwise undreamed of. Give up your foolish pride in making bargains ; seek not the washerwoman or the seamstress whom you can beat down in *soul* as well as prices, until you have determined to give her what her work is fairly worth. If your income be small, direct your economical propensity to your own dress, the indulgence of your palate, your many idle hours. Do not *overwork* and *underpay* those who serve you, even though their ignorance or fidelity give you the power. Above all, pay punctually for all service, especially such as is rendered by those not under your roof. You know not how often the degradation of a mother has been the result of your careless forgetfulness of her dues, or refusal of her entreaty for help to her starving little ones. You will find this out if you conscientiously look in the right direction.

Above all, should it be your blessed lot to minis-

ter to a penitent, be careful that you minister strength and peace and a higher life. Turn her not away from your door in mistaken righteousness; you will not be sullied by printing a holy kiss upon her careworn forehead. If you refuse her honest employment, she must go back to the life she loathes, for the instinct of self-preservation implanted by God affects her less through the soul than the body, and, profaned as she has already been, her whole nature will cry out for *life* rather than *holiness*.

An irrepressible sadness comes over us as we close these pages. We think we hear many voices as one exclaiming, 'How inadequate to the desired result are the means pointed out.' But could we once see every woman who moves in what are called the respectable circles of society actuated by a pure heart and deeply responsible insight, the power of such means would be acknowledged. If, however, we have brought the subject closer home to a single heart, the earnestness of our appeal has not been entirely thrown away.

## IX.

### REFORMS.

'For he knows the people listen  
When a mighty spirit speaks ;  
And that none can stir them duly,  
But the one that loves them truly,  
And from them his impulse seeks.'

CHARLES MACKAY.

'GIVE me but a point whereon to rest, and I will move the world,' is the cry of many in our times, not less than of the ancient mathematician. 'Move it where you stand, mistaken one,' is the only possible reply. And this reply, how often must it be repeated ere it sink deep into the minds of men ? ere they recognize the mandate of Providence, that here and now, in spite of circumstances, and with available means, they must work for the welfare of the race, if work they will ? Why find fault with the spirit of the age, oh tyro in philosophy or letters ? The age is what you make it ; — the aggregate of yourself ; — and truly, if there be any one

thing for which you ought most devoutly to thank God, it is that He has permitted you to breathe its atmosphere, and receive as an inheritance the very ideas after which your ancestors of the third and fourth generation groped as for hid treasure. The minor planets revolving closely in our rear, shine bright and beautiful in the still summer night, and are never confounded with each other; while in the depths of wider space whole clusters of magnificent creations, each larger than our central sun, make no other impression on the retina than a tiny cloud, a mere breath of morning mist. So in the night of past ages, while the mass strove for bread and clothes and homes to dwell in, here and there an isolated individual has seized an idea, a fact in science, an intuition of the soul, and twisted it into a halo for his own head, which shall be luminous while the world stands; but in the broader field of our day, great thoughts, great facts, great intuitions, any one of which would have constituted an ancient sage, are become commonplace, jostle one another in the street, and crowd impatiently before us, till we call them clouds, and turn our bewildered eyes towards those luminaries whose merits are ascertained, and which are sufficiently small in number and limited in extent to be wholly within the compass of our vision.

Thousands of us mortals are now struggling into

light and life, and, insect-like, are undoubtedly to become the scavengers of creation, freshening the moral atmosphere, and clearing the streams of thought for generations yet unborn. Let us be content to do this ; let us esteem it a most worthy vocation, thus to assist God and the good angels in bringing about the long desired millennium ; and while so many more stand with folded arms at the fountain of reform, scornfully looking on, or busying themselves just enough to trouble the waters for those who would drink of the broad stream below, surely it befits *us* to inquire in what spirit and manner we must work, if work we will. In order to clear the way for our argument, we must take up the popular movements of the day in connection with a certain state of mind, prevailing to a far greater extent than we could wish among the authorized leaders of public sentiment.

And the strength of the impulses which have led to recent philanthropic action cannot be estimated from a better premise than the fact that they have swollen and burst forth rather in despite of those to whom they looked for aid, than from any encouragement thence received. Slaves groan in their chains, drunkards quarrel in their cups, the strong men of rival nations go forth to rob one another, the miserable woman of the crowded city,

cheated out of the just worth of her womanly craft, sells her virtue to buy bread for her children ; society pets and honors him who buys it, and crushes her like a worm beneath its foot ; and still the mass of men look on and say, ‘ We cannot free the slave, we dare not close the grog-shop, we *will* vote for the defenders of the war, we *will* buy cheap clothing, and hold out no hand to help the sinking seamstress, — nay, we will keep ourselves in good fellowship with the seducer ; for all you who have interested yourselves in these matters of reform, have gone too far. You are fanatics, all of you, as pestilential as the very curses you undertake to remove. Beside, abolition is not a gospel ; peace is not a gospel ; temperance is not a gospel ; but these ‘ three are one ’ in the Gospel of Christ. We believe *that* ; we teach *that* ; it includes all these. Have but a little patience, and moral reform itself will be the natural and beautiful fruit of its wide diffusion.’

Patience, indeed ! we have listened long enough to this, and would hardly have borne with it thus far, but that in our earliest maturity, while anxiously seeking out our duty, we shared this error long enough to learn to pity it, to feel convinced that it is sincere, and endeavour to remove it. How shall the Gospel of Christ be preached, so that it may

impress the listener with a true view of modern reform? How did Christ himself preach it? Did he stand amid his disciples putting forth cold generalizations, and ministering to the self-complacency of those whom conscience had just begun to trouble with the question, 'Are ye faithful to the light that is in you?' Not so. It is especially remarkable, in the history of our Lord, that no one, who came to him with the question, 'What shall I do to be saved?' was astonished by a new philosophy, or bewildered by any exhibition of his own supernatural wisdom. To the rich man, eaten up with covetousness, he said, 'Sell that thou hast and give unto the poor.' To the lawyer, who adhered to the veriest tradition of the Pharisee, 'Show mercy even unto the Samaritan.' To the tax-gatherer, fat with unjust gains, 'Exact no more than is appointed you.' To the soldiers, fierce and mutinous, 'Do violence to no man; neither accuse any falsely; be content with your wages.' To those who cried out for miracles, and determined to accept no other proof of divine power, 'There shall no sign be granted you; if ye believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would ye believe though one rose from the dead.' To the Pharisees, fringed and phylacteried, 'Hypocrites and vipers, so far as ye exalt yourselves, so far shall ye be abased.' To his own disciples even,

when they presumed to decide upon the faith of their neighbours, ‘Forbid them not, ye know not what spirit ye are of.’ Neither did he cease through fear of offence ; for when, having heard the strong language addressed to the Pharisees, the lawyers exclaimed, ‘Master, in thus speaking thou reproachest us also,’ he no longer left the matter doubtful, but, in clear, bold words, he answered, ‘Wo unto you, *lawyers* ! for do ye not lade men with burdens grievous to be borne ?’

Let no one mistake us ; we know of no reformer, thus far, worthy to unloose the latchets of the Lord’s shoe, but it seems to us that the whole tenor of his teaching toward those who came to him was full of the strictest personality. ‘Ask not light of me,’ he virtually said ; ‘be but faithful to that which is within you, and there shall be given unto you whatever you may need.’ We cannot doubt what his word would be were he to stand face to face with a slaveholding people ; and when we see the pastor of an indifferent congregation lifting the voice of prayer in the house where he has thrown back the slave to his chains, the drunkard to his delusion, the mothers and wives of warlike nations to hopeless bereavement, and the miserably underpaid women of the city to sin and shame, with a graceful compliment to the aristocracy that they

have *done so much*, our hearts would sink within us, but for our faith in One that is ‘higher than he.’ Should he not have striven to stir the spirit of that people to a wiser reform than any yet undertaken by men? Did he fully believe his own words, did he feel entirely confident that his whole people were of one mind in this matter, he were bound by the most sacred of ties to do it; for, few in number as they are, they far outnumber the primal apostles, and might do a great work for their race. It is one of the most singular signs of the times, that few men speak out their convictions where they are most needed. We long for a teacher who shall say to the spiritualist, ‘Have faith in your brother man. If your life be led by divine light alone, do not prevent the blind from feeling their way to Heaven. Reverently permit the *cripple*, if you think him so, to lean upon his staff. Above all, cease to scorn the emblems and tokens of religious faith, condensed into popular forms. Bless them for what they *have been* to the race, and to you. Live without them if you will, but remember that it was by their aid, or through the aid of influences growing out of them, that you climbed to the spot where you now stand.’ We long for one who shall love the bigot into freedom, and say to him, ‘Stand back, and, like your Master, judge men by their

fruits. It may be you will meet company in Heaven you will be no little surprised to see. At all events, souls slain by your anathemas are steps by no means safe whereby to climb. But one soul is wholly yours; have you done your best for that?

Above all, it has pained us to see those who have in their hands the religious culture of the young shrinking back from a late movement made by hundreds of their number to secure the more careful protection of a growing generation from the hidden vice of a city life,—shutting, forsooth, because ‘if we be patient and preach the Gospel of Christ, moral force and self-respect will be a legacy we may well bequeath our children, without the interposition of the guardians of the law!’ If we preach the Gospel of Christ! But whence springs a movement like this? whence comes the fast awakening sense of the community to sin and shame of every sort, if not out of the Gospel of Christ? Think you that the spirit of reform will be developed silently, as the seed germinates in the earth? Ay, so it will, but you must remember that it *germinates only* in the dark and silent earth. It bears fruit in the full light of day. Look into the hearts and minds of men, and you will see that this seed of Christ has fitly germinated in silent meditation, and with many heart-throbs has shown, first the

blade, then the ear, and now what shall we expect but the full corn in the ear ? And, again, would you make this into bread for the people, it must be with much bustle, and with the noise of many mills. A false reproach has been many times thrown upon the advocates of modern reform. It has been said that in their fanaticism they have become men of *one* idea, devoured by their own zeal in behalf of a hobby well-nigh ridden to the death, and that such is not the true spirit in which to undertake a reform ; but that from the Gospel of Christ an all-pervading grace should come, or, at least, our three prominent reforms be unfolded with equal power. Look at the facts, and you will find them to be in accordance with this theory, in no wise bearing out the reproach. Few reformers of our time are men of *one* idea. Those who have taken the highest stand in behalf of peace and abolition have done their full share for the cause of temperance, and if they have given their strength rather to the first two upon the list, it is not because they consider these a higher work, but the *work most needing to be done*. Conservatives are ready to take hold of the temperance reform. No Christian man can live in a city and not perceive its importance, as well as that the spirit of Christ is with it. But a large class of men might study the Bible many

years and not perceive in it that antagonism to slavery and war which actually exists. How many Christians believe that Christ could not have smiled on the Revolutionary War? We should not like to press the question.

There is no modern reform that we take so little interest in as the movement in regard to the rights of women. It is true that there have been moments in our life when we would have given worlds to have sat for an instant on the bench, to have thrown one vote in the national assembly, to have spoken one hour at a caucus, or have held a governor's commission just long enough to freely resign it. But while the hot torrent of our blood asked for this, we never for a moment supposed that the court-room, the council-hall, or the caucus was a proper place for us. We only felt that if the *men* of our country had dwindled into caitiffs, it had the more need of her *women*. The business of our country and our age, it has been most truly said, is to organize the rights of man. One of the holiest of his rights is to find woman in her proper place. It is *he* who is robbed by a wrong condition of things. We doubt very much whether Providence ever intended that women should personally share the duties of the commonwealth. We feel that this is utterly incompatible with the more precious and positive duties

of the nursery and the fireside. But we long for the time to come when a finished education shall be every woman's birthright ; when the respect of the other sex shall be her legitimate inheritance ; when the woman of any rank will be able to obtain a livelihood for herself or her children without over-tasking the generosity of man ; when she shall no longer find herself, even for a moment, a tool or a plaything. We would willingly listen to her voice in the religious assembly, for we have seen the soul of a 'sister friend' more exquisitely and visibly illuminated by the Divine Spirit than that of any preacher to whom we have ever listened ; and we are not surprised that in the present state of the world a woman's soul should frequently be found the fittest receptacle for the love and righteousness of Christ. Hitherto the sex has given utterance chiefly to its emotion ; not that it is incapable of logic or any similar exercise, more than man would be if nothing but his powers of expression were educated, as is now the case with her. While the press is open to her, she has less to complain of than the race, which wrongs itself by all sorts of legalized oppression and sin, which it might have checked long ago had man turned his eye to the 'Utopia' with a more patient attention.

We cannot expect that people of different relig-

ious faith and different degrees of culture will always enter wisely and faithfully upon any reform; but it is a beautiful and most desirable thing to see hundreds of Sabbath School teachers uniting in positive determination to check the course of an insidious sin, to witness thousands responding to the cry for liberty. What if your own words, written to the same end, be face to face with those of a spirit which you condemn. You are responsible only for what your own lip speaks, and perhaps your word may calm the fever some other has kindled. But if you would move the people now, it will no longer answer to stand apart from them, saying, 'You are altogether wrong.' If your head decides *better*, your heart must beat the same. You must join the onward movement, for no one will look back to see what becomes of you, or listen to your complaints. The spirit of modern reform seems to us the natural and welcome unfolding of Christ's Gospel, and his moderation is quite as nearly attained in this as in any other specific movement. Does the church come very near to Christ's ideal church? and yet, who leaves it on that account, or, of the few who do, how few accomplish as much for their race as the hardy spirits who remain to labor and protest? We look for a still higher reform than any yet begun. We long

for the time when men shall perceive that religious *faith*, and not religious *belief*, is what God requires of man ; when the controversialist, if he survive the era, shall be content with stating his own affirmative ; and when the only battle-ground of theology shall be found in the mind of the reader. We long for the time when the question shall be — ‘What spirit are you of?’ and no longer — ‘To whose communion do you belong?’ ; when Christ shall have become to all men not only nor chiefly the Head of the Church, but the true Son of God, the holiest pattern of humanity.

## X.

### THOUGHTS ON WAR.

'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'

MATTHEW, 5: 9.

'Like the black and melancholic yew-tree,  
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,  
And yet to prosper?'

WEBSTER'S WHIRL DEVIL.

EMBOSOMED in a quiet country town, with the roads in a state that prohibited locomotion, even to an idea; absorbed in the familiar duties of a house-keeper, we had, for weeks together, nearly forgotten that our country was at war. Suddenly an irruption of city newspapers broke in upon our tranquillity, and, presenting to our eyes the horrid details of the recent taking of Vera Cruz, demanded of us exulting sympathy in our country's success. Success! In what? The question moved our selfish heart, and we felt conscience-stricken that we had proved so wholly false to our faith in human

brotherhood as to forget the poor Mexicans even for an hour.

Morning after morning had dawned upon us with its sky of softest blue, as we listened to the soft breathings of the wind through forest-tops of earliest, tenderest green, or to louder wailings, when it brushed the bare branches of fruit-trees, that seemingly despaired of summer.

Hour after hour had we watched the disappointed birds, who unfolded, again and again, in the warm noon, their summer plans, and forgot, again and again, in the chill winds of evening, that they had ever thought of love or marriage. Children played merrily beside the road whenever we ventured forth, and the solemn tolling of the bell, as one who died peacefully on the bed of sickness was carried to his home under the village sod, did not remind us of the distant graves of slaughtered fellow-men. Once, when we passed a careless school-boy bearing a string which ran through the still throbbing breasts of a dozen household robins, and again, when a sturdy farmer came forth from his humble home and threatened with his strong arm the well grown miscreant who had shot a trusting ‘pewee’ that had built for years beneath his porch, and gladdened with its music the hearts of the little ones whom he had since committed to God, a thrill shot through our

bosom, and we asked in painful prayer of our Father in Heaven, ‘Oh Thou who knowest the hearts of men, tell us why women who weep for the red-breast, and men who defend the ‘pewee,’ see beauty in a Paixhan gun and honor in the soldier’s vocation.’

Perhaps we ought not to forget how early our childish love of color and sound was gratified by the meagre review; how often nursery rhymes and ancient Bible stories, the melody of Herodotus, the stern narrative of Xenophon, the logic of Thucydides, the anecdote of Plutarch, the eloquence of Cæsar, and the manly prose of Tacitus, all helped to mature in us an unhealthy admiration for the heroism of past ages. How much farther has the name of Bonaparte travelled, marshalled as it is by fear, than that of Howard or Wilberforce, heralded by love! Ill tidings travel fast, say the proverb and the poet, and so, in truth, do bad influences; and when we remember that it is now eighteen hundred years since the Gospel of Peace was preached among men, and not only preached, but presented tangibly to them in the life of Christ, it is only through prayer that we gain strength to hope; and it strikes us, that if God had ever grown impatient of man, or swept him away on account of sin, we should not *now* be here to ponder this matter. And

our forgetfulness of our national sin — we shall not easily pardon ourselves for that, and yet how many are as culpable as we ! Responsible men have said in our hearing, ‘We have been so busy with our own affairs that we have actually forgotten our condition, until we found ourselves forced to pay a tax upon our newspapers, to support this accursed war.’ Alas ! that we should feel most what touches our least important possession ! The riches of this world, that thieves may break through and steal — what are they to our eternal inheritance, incorruptible in heaven and on earth, which our sympathy with this war, the popular cant, the slang of the newspapers, our barbaric ideas of glory, and our fears of treachery to our government, are constantly filching from us ? The friends of peace have sometimes said of the present war, ‘It is as good a war as ever was fought.’ We understand their position, but we deny the fact. Wars have been fought between nations of apparently equal strength, for the supremacy of an idea, when neither nation was civilized enough to recognize its moral force and trust to it. Wars have been fought for religion, with sincerest faith on both sides, but with ignorance yet greater than faith, to excuse the sin. Wars have been fought for the recovery of a righteous possession, when moral force has conquered

even on the battle-field ; and if we say of these wars, as we do from our heart, that they were barbarous, sinful, offensive to God, and agonizing to man, excusable only in the infancy of the race, what can we say of a war like this with Mexico, where one party fights from filthy lust of lucre and craving of popular applause, from desire of possessions which it cannot use and must in time relinquish to its enemy, and the other from long habit, from ignorance of a better way, from fearful despair and the pressure of civil dissension ? We care not for the expense of this war. If it would but touch the people, we could rejoice at the expenditure of a million a day ; but we are surprised at the apathy of our money-loving people in regard to it. What would have been thought of the senator who had proposed, during the late session, to raise by tariff or forced loan seventy millions for the starving nations of the Old World ? Yet how much better to scatter corn in Dublin, Hamburgh, Mayence, and Vienna, than to scatter limbs over the table-lands of ignorant and degraded, if of offending neighbours !

What would have been thought of him who had proposed to raise, at home or abroad, the sum of seventy millions to strengthen the hands of the Mexican government, to disseminate the means of

common education among its people, to scatter through its borders a band of Protestant missionaries, to instruct its young men in improved methods of mechanical labor, or to frame for it, with its own consent, a practicable form of republican government? And yet, upon a scheme like this, undertaken with loving, trusting hearts, the Infinite Father must have smiled; and had our bells rung in honor of it, choirs of angels had echoed back the true rejoicing. Nay, more,—in thousands of ways the Holy Spirit had descended on them that gave and them that took.

There is very little doubt, that if this war had been conducted on American soil, it would long ere this have ended. We should not have been ashamed to have bought or begged a peace, had it been our own fields that were laid desolate, our own harvests that were scattered.

An American, writing from the scene of war, relates, that after the taking of Vera Cruz a Mexican gentleman showed him over the splendid ruins of the governor's house. Near the door, a portion of one of the rooms had been torn away. A few minutes before, a Mexican mother leaned against it, caressing two fair sons; the shell that shattered the wall sent them, loving and united, into the presence of their Heavenly Father! What mingled feelings

must have swelled beneath the courtesy of the Mexican as he pointed out the spot to an American! ‘Ah yes!’ exclaims some one at our side, ‘but then you must consider the fatal impersonality of war; it is not an individual, but the government, which commits these atrocities.’ Fatal impersonality, indeed! No shuffling, friends and brethren, in the presence of your God. *You* voted for the war; *you* controlled and modulated the tone of the press; *you* gave appropriations; finally, *you* preferred treachery to God and heaven, to seeming treachery to the American government, and *you* volunteered to serve in the American army. Is this war to *you* any impersonal thing? God knoweth. But to us there is an aspect of war yet more shocking than that of the field of slaughter, heaped with bleeding dead, with wounded men in every variety of gasping distress. American women! what think you of the horrid crimes, *inseparable from war*, as military men all tell us, committed by the husbands and brothers of our love, in this Mexican campaign? Can you offer your flushed cheeks in affectionate welcome of brutes and ravishers fresh from their abandoned life? Wilt thou own thyself less scrupulous, oh maiden! who mournest thy beloved, still absent there — than the rarely reflecting officers, shocked at the enormities of their troops? Better,

far better, to die on the field, oh soldier! than return to the women who have loved thee, with the stamp of excess, of vice, on thy bloated brow and passionate lip. Most terrible to us is the death of the soul, hourly taking place where our soldiers exult over success. Come back to us, oh beloved, deluded ones, with broken limbs and mangled bodies, and we may still cherish you for ever, but save us from encountering your depraved hearts, your reeling senses,—the monuments of your dead souls. The conquest of Vera Cruz — may God forgive it; may we atone for it in bitterness and holy tears. The conquest of the True Cross — may God speed it; may we pray for it with hope and love and triumphing faith. Conviction cometh, even on the battle-field, even in sin, to the bewildered but earnest seeker.

## XL

### A LESSON OF HOPE FOR MAN FROM NATURE.

'And man? He awakes gradually to consciousness as from a dream.'  
'Who has not heard how the veil of the temple was rent in twain at the hour of the great sacrifice? Now can the pious soul look into the holy of holies, and it is the duty of the artist to reveal God again and again to the world.'

FREDERIKA BREMER.

NEVER spoke the sweet voice of the Swedish authoress a truer word. Lift thyself up, oh thou who despairest, who standest aside from thy brother, refusing to act with him, to live by him, or die for him, because all are so unworthy, and in all thy trust so shaken. Lift thyself up, and with thy face turned full upon the Infinite, strive to recover thy departed faith. True is it, indeed, that many an irreverent foot, many an impious prophet, has stood within the Holy of Holies, since, in the wisdom of Christ, the veil that divided man from his Father was rent in twain. True is it, also, that many who went to scoff remained to pray, and those who had full faith in their own power while they

stood without, have been baffled and blinded by the sudden light that beamed upon them from within. The historian who has meddled with the past has had little need of a loving penetration, of divine justice, of a wise criticism, compared with him who shall come after us. As there rose to his memory the incidents of the world's infant history, or the drama of its childhood passed act by act before him, a simple narrative might satisfy its claims, and write his name among those of wise men ; but, released from its swaddling bands, history has now a higher work to do, and he who writes of the present should be wise unto salvation, should be able to resolve the chaos of noble impulses, of divine suggestions, of great strivings after ultimate truth, which bewilder the minds of its noblest sons. Above all, he must see clearly that the present is a *hopeful* time. With an undimmed eye must he walk among men. His arm must be strong, that he may uplift the drunkard. His heart must be great, that he may pray for the slave. His spirit must be meek, that he may hold back thousands from war. His whole nature must be loving, that he may not despise her who gave herself as a bride for bread, nor crush beneath his foot him who stole from her the birthright of her beauty, in the hour of her utter despair; but whether he stand before the dram-shop or

the slave-market, the reeking battle-field or the house of sin, he must still feel that man is the child of God, and, however dark the night, must see with his steady eye that it is permeate with rays of Infinite Love, which pass like electric flashes, unseen oftentimes of the busy crowd below. And why is the present a hopeful time? We went out but lately beneath the autumn sun. Like cunning work of the artificer, hung trembling the golden leaves of the birch upon their silver stem. The mellow sunlight passed down to the earth through canopies of scarlet oak, and crimson maple, deep purple sumach, and the yellow blossoms, unfolding, as if in early spring, from the bare branches of the witch-hazel. Beneath our feet was a soft carpet of the ground-pine, and thousands of mosses lent fragrance to the air, while colonies of many-colored fungi drank its poisonous exhalations, and prepared at once wholesome food, valuable medicines, and brilliant dyes for the children of men. While we paused, awe-struck and joyous, bright colors streamed upon us, as from the glorious windows of some ancient cathedral, whose fitting pillars were the arching pines, whose organs the melodious voices of the deep forest, whose choirs innumerable birds, resting beneath the hallowed fane ere they departed to their winter homes. Yielding ourselves

up to its peace-giving power, we passed on to its high altar. Pile upon pile rose a gigantic rock, which, ambitious of heavenly influences, at last uplifted itself far above the soaring branches of the highest trees. For miles and miles its gray head is visible, and, mounted on its summit, one may gaze over forest and lake, over river and glen, for the space of twenty miles. Far to the west rose bold Wachusett, not yet released from his morning robe of bluish mist. Before us lay the heights of Waltham and the blue hills of Milton. Only a clear sunlight filled the air, and gave additional depth to the sapphire overhead. To the east lay a dim, scarce visible cloud of murky smoke, which told that beneath, it sheltered the greatness and the littleness, the wonders and the want, of the distant city. We had come to this place with an aching heart. Filled with a sense of the calamities of the time, powerless to avert them, and loathing from our soul the din of politics which filled our little town, we had forgotten for a while the superintending Providence. Now, while we rested on the summit of the rock, and gazed far away into the distance,—wide as was the space that the eye swept over, not more than twenty dwellings met our sight. Yet here and there among them rose the pleasant spires, telling that in his rude way

man ever must acknowledge and worship God. More frequent still were the tiny school-houses, which dotted the landscape with cheerful prophecies of the future. While we felt our heart lightened by the influences of outward nature, we cast one downward glance at the massive rock on which we sat. There, within a few feet, we saw the great process going on which prepares the soil for the future occupancy of the forest. Beneath us lay the broad, slow-growing lichens, the products, doubtless, of centuries. On one side, the gray sheets of the reindeer moss, so beautifully provided for the nourishment of that animal, and flourishing even beneath the snow ; on the other, the deep brown, fleshy-looking layers of the *tripe de roche*, which saved a score of men from death by famine in the prosecution of the Northwest passage—with its under side of laminated black. From among them all, the delicate ‘shields’ started forth, bearing their burden of life-germs ; and, contrasting prettily with their dead colors, some green mosses pushed up their little urns, the models, doubtless, of the vessels borne in the festal processions of Greece and Rome. As we tore these humble plants away from the rock, we saw how with the oxalic acid furnished by their growth, they were digging their own graves in the solid wall ; and in the tiny hol-

lows so excavated the autumnal rains had gathered, and were waiting till the frost should help them to rive the rock. This work was not now commencing for the first time. But a short distance below us, a higher vegetation had taken root among the fragments of fallen stone. Beautiful ferns unfolded their broad leaves, and the tall and flowering osmundæ presented their vase-like forms. On the ashes of a thousand ferns rose, still lower, close thickets of birch, alder, and flowering shrubs—the dog-bane and the elder; while beneath their feet and towering above them, were the stout trunks of the cedar and the pine.

‘Poor little lichen,’ we thought, ‘if in the infancy of the world’s being the Creator had unfolded to thee the vision of Nature; if thou hadst seen tall forests towering over the face of the earth, and hadst been commanded to go forth over the solid rock, and render it soft and porous to the grasp of the tender spongioles, soon to become the tough and gnarled roots, who would have wondered to see thee shrink from thy task? If thou couldst have comprehended the harmonies of creation, and seen the coming mercies of God, how weak, how insignificant thou wouldest have thought thyself, how powerless in the great work! Nevertheless, thou knewest little, but thou wert full of faith. Think-

ing only to provide a bed for thy wasted form, or a tiny reservoir to refresh thy desiccated substance, thou hast taken successfully the first great steps towards thy Creator's end. Alas for man, if he will not learn of thee ! What if thousands of generations are born and die, to prepare the land for the coming of the righteous ? That coming is never hopeless, while the humblest individuals are true to duty, and in their own spheres labor faithfully on in quiet, obedient love. Every man who loves God and his neighbour, and speaks honestly the truth that is in him, helps in his full measure to bring down heaven upon earth.'

As we paused for a moment on this 'mount of blessing,' we saw, that whereas in the woods we had been encircled by a halo of gay colors, which the streaming sun had given out from the leaves, yet now, as we stood above them, we could see that the heavy frosts had already robbed the foliage of its richness, and that oak and sumach and maple were mingled in masses of indistinguishable brown. 'Behold another lesson, oh man !' we exclaimed ; 'the humblest walker on the face of the earth, who *looketh through* the dark dealings of men and the shadow of affliction and sin, to the glorious Sun of Righteousness, will find them still traversed by veins of liquid light and love, still in a measure answering

to the life of God ! Look up, oh man ! and if thou must stumble on this earth, let it at least be because thou art watching the stars of Heaven !' Once again, why is the present a hopeful time ? Because the church and the school do a great work, daily and without compulsion. Because men hesitate not to rebuke both church and school, if they find them untrue or insufficient. Because more and more man turns to the Book of Nature as the only authorized commentary on the Book of Scripture, and because from the pages of both the light of love beams ever more steadily forth. Because principle more than property now agitates the spirit of the age. Because, if it were always better to starve than to live useless to man, so now this truth is acknowledged and glorified. Because God has never forsaken the world, and moves in it visibly of these latter days.

He does a great work who reveals to man the intricacies of that which we call,—presumptuous that we are,—the lowest kingdom of nature. It is no fable that the unfolding flower gives forth, while its oxygen is changing to carbonic acid, both heat and light. The unfolding of the moral power God watches with peculiar care. Far dearer to Him is its healthy growth in the lowest man, than the developing beauty of the whole vegetating king-

doms of His uncounted worlds. Who then shall dare to doubt that under *all* circumstances, to His Infinite Love, this is still possible, and that the feeblest effort of the individual, smiled upon by Him, really imparts light and warmth to the world ?

## XII.

### A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

'Let not their bones be parted,  
For their two hearts, in life, were single-hearted.'

'An unspotted life is old age.'

FAR away from the turmoil of the town lies a sequestered country village. Neither its soil nor its people are of the richest; but, as if to compensate those who dwell there for the loss of worldly wealth, Nature here lavishes her choicest treasures. Every hill-top is garlanded with flowers, and the trees of the swamp are hung with festoons of the wild vine and the creeper. Sparkling rills burst forth from the green carpet of moss, which is spread out over every defile. Beneath the hedge-rows, the houstonia and the 'blue eye' peep up timidly. The paths through the forest are purple with the violets; the white feet of *Arethusa* glance in and out of every brook—and later in the season

blushing berries tempt the truant child, gleaming from among dark clusters of leaves.

Embosomed in hills, this village presents a great variety of landscape. Many a little farm, lying on its borders, concentrates the beauty of a whole country in a less favored region. Foxes have not yet forsaken its burrows. The baying of hounds is heard at sunrise. Partridges still 'covey' amid its undergrowth, and the frequent crack of the rifle tells the story of the spoiler. Among these gentle and poetical influences dwelt the family of a retired clergyman and his wife. Many were the 'angel visitants' whom they had gathered at their hearth, and called their children; many were the ties with which Providence had graciously united them to earth; but, before we met, some had been already loosened, and some transferred to another world. Their eldest daughter had been taken in the first dawn of her beauty and promise. The father had prided himself on her scholarship and rectitude of purpose. The mother dwelt on her filial consideration for herself; the sisters on her self-possession and good judgment; the whole village on her truthfulness and sweet temper. Yet, the Father spake, and they gave her back. With direful struggles of the heart, yet, they gave her back, and a green nook in the village churchyard re-

ceived the cast-off garment of her soul. Strong-hearted sons they had lost also; but of them we knew little. When we first went to the village, the family consisted of two married sisters, living far away from home; a son, college-bred, but now following the homely labors of the farm; two young daughters, Charlotte and Clara, still the light of the old homestead, and a second son—one who had given high promise of future eminence, but upon whom the hand of disease had pressed too heavily. With a quiet and faithful spirit, he resigned his cherished expectations, submitted to a surgical operation, and, with one limb the less, devoted himself thenceforth to the teaching of the young; a task for which his gentle patient spirit eminently qualified him. Charlotte and Clara were nearly of an age, and the fancied union of twin sisters was a faint semblance of the unity of thought and purpose subsisting between them. Clara was the youngest, but the dark hair parted over her brow, her soft gray eye, her gentle mien, and still gentler smile, gave token of no common maturity of character. She loved the society of her elders, and held offices of trust in benevolent associations of the village. Some years before her sister had she taken her seat at the Master's table, and over a little band of Sabbath school children held she faith-

ful supervision. On the whole, she gave one the impression of a singularly faithful, quiet, and reserved nature, of a judgment to be relied on, and a tenderness that would not fail. The elder sister was her complete contrast. A sunny, enthusiastic, bounding spirit beamed out of her large brown eyes, and rippled with gold the waves of her fine hair. Hopeful, happy, loving, she was like Clara only in her affection for her sister, but free as the sunshine, joyous as the lark which soars to meet it. Singularly lovely, when the pensiveness of affection clouded for a moment the clear heaven of her brow. Singularly inspired, when the voice of the outer world was echoed from the depths of her poetic spirit.

The summer in which our tale opens, was a busy one for the two girls. The invalid brother, worn with long teaching, was to go to Europe for his health. Charlotte was to be parted from Clara. One morning we found her bending earnestly over her pen. 'What are you writing, Lotty?' we said, before she caught the sound of our approaching steps. 'A love-letter,' she answered simply, lifting her face like a true-hearted child, as the tides of color ebbed and flowed.

Then for the first time we learnt that she was soon to be the bride of one self-denying, intelligent,

and thoughtful. ‘He was only too good for her,’ she said. The wedding must take place before the invalid brother departed, for especially dear was he to both the girls. So a double purpose quickened their hands, and hurried the motion of the needle. All summer long they toiled, patiently and faithfully. It grieved us oftentimes to find them still at their task, when the red sun had gone down, and the whip-poor-will had begun his song. Still they prized these hours of sisterly communion so much, that no stranger dared to intermeddle with their joy. At last came the hour of the bridal. The eldest of the married sisters came from the western part of the state, for Lotty’s new home was to be near her, and busied herself about the bride. Calm and beautiful was her matronly face, and more attractive still the assiduous yet unobtrusive attention she bestowed upon the young sister. In ‘sister Hatty’ Charlotte trusted as in a second mother. ‘I never felt more calm,’ said the bride, when some jested with her, and a peace too deep for words nestled in her heart while she spoke. ‘Love and Truth’ twined in evergreens by Clara’s thoughtful hands, fluttered above the bridal party. The minister opened the service by reading in a sweet and solemn voice a part of the marriage sermon in Mountford’s *Martyria*. Then he remind-

ed them of the wedding at Cana, and for what purpose marriage was instituted and had become honorable in all. Then came the solemn prayer, in which the hearts of all present joined, invoking God's benison on their covenant. Then the promise, not the old promise, so often necessarily broken, of love and obedience, but to act toward each other, through life, 'as Jesus Christ in God's word did require.' Then followed the declaration of Marriage and a short prayer, commanding them again to God. Before the benediction was an address to the newly married pair, entreating them to lead their household in family prayer, and to permanently unite their own hearts on the altar of God. Music broke the first solemn pause, and with sweet words of thanksgiving was the remainder of the evening wiled away. Many had remarked at the time how pale and thin was Charlotte's cheek, and that an unnatural flush deepened on Clara's brow. The invalid brother departed, — Thanksgiving came. Clara and her parents passed the festive hours with the bride; but from that hour Clara's eye was less bright, and with a crimson cheek and painful step she moved about her ordinary duties. Still she did not complain. It was not till the opening of Christmas week that she sent for her physician and took to her pillow. Three or four days of sickness

followed, during which she maintained her grateful happy spirit, and called herself ‘comfortably ill,’ and then a state of ‘coma’ supervened. A consultation was called, and on the morning of the 25th of December, 1847, the Saviour bent over her humble couch, and received into his arms the beatified spirit, as a birthday gift. During her insensible state, she lay with her mother’s hand clasped in hers. Every now and then a smile broke over her countenance, and she would begin to sing or murmur the first line of some familiar hymn.

‘Sister Hatty’ had come home on a visit, and was fortunately at her side, to lighten her mother’s care. On the 28th we laid her to rest. The same voices that had serenaded the bride but a few months before, in tones that pulsated with grief now broke the still air of her father’s house, with the words ‘Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.’ Often had Clara and Charlotte sung these lines together, and we trembled as we thought of the throbbing heart beneath the mourning dress of the latter. She had disappointed us all. She had quelled her passionate sorrow, and wore her touching smile about her face of stone. We laid the departed to rest, far down beneath the snow, in the frozen earth, and with a north-west wind driving the sleet into our eyes.

The bride returned to her new home. She was

not well, and not even the dawning hope of a mother effaced the memory of her first bitter trial. An alternation of the most unintelligible and complicated complaints beset her. For nearly six months she lingered, now losing and then gaining ground, and bewildering the minds of all who knew her physical condition. Intense pain she sometimes suffered, food was distasteful, and her emaciation became frightful. About the middle of May, the absent invalid returned. At the same time Charlotte was taken from her own home to sister Hatty's peaceful dwelling. From this time forward it was a privilege to be with her. Much she suffered in body, and she had an indescribable longing to be with Clara. She knew that she was going from a husband whom she idolized, but she said it was only for a little while. 'I am going to Elizabeth and Clara,' she said, 'you will all come soon.' Her brother went to see her, and told her of his foreign travels. He had not heard of his first bitter bereavement till he reached New York. It seemed too much to look forward to a second. He read to her, he talked with her, but had scarcely reached his home before he was again summoned to her side. Her illness was become more serious, yet still they hoped. In its progress they cut off her beautiful hair. 'I do not know what my husband

will think,' she said, 'for he was proud of its heavy folds, but I dare say he will like it, and want me to wear a pretty little cap, if—if I get well.' 'I am glad you say if, Charlotte,' said the kind voice of sister Hatty. 'It is thus that we should speak of all things earthly.' 'It is a long time,' she replied, 'since I have proposed any thing to myself, without adding that in private.' No one can tell how much her longing for Clara aided the work of disease. She kept her beautiful smile to the last, and dwelt much upon her many blessings. On Saturday, the 10th of June, after a thorough examination of her case by the most skilful physician in the county, it became evident that she could not live. As she lay on her snowy pillow, the children as they came from the garden showered flowers all about her, and out of their midst shone her dark brown eye, and the happy smile of her infancy. Throughout the remainder of her sickness, she thought more of others than of herself,—desired to save them from sad emotion, and when she asked for any thing, did it gently, with a fear that she was causing too much trouble. 'Open the window, sister Hatty,' she said, 'it is a beautiful world, and I shall not be long in it.' 'And are you not going to a beautiful world, dear Charlotte?' 'Oh yes!' she answered, 'but I love this world

because I know it.' She had not many of her souvenirs about her, but she told to whom she wished them to be given, and left her last words for her absent friends. On Monday morning she asked for her parents, but understanding that they could not reach her, submitted cheerfully to her Father's will. She spoke no special farewell, save to her husband. She thanked him for his tenderness, and with her whole store of self-sacrifice and purity of heart wished that he might yet be happy with *another*. 'I wish,' she continued, desirous to save him the distress which his countenance indicated, 'I wish we had selected a spot in the cemetery, that I might know where I shall lie.' 'Charlotte,' said her sister, 'would you not like to lie by Clara?' Her whole face lighted up in a moment. 'Oh yes! that would be beautiful!' she said, 'but I thought it was too far.' To the promise that was then given her, she returned a request that the headstones might be made precisely alike. 'And now, dear Hatty,' she continued, 'brush back my hair, for I want to look natural.'

Seeing how sad they seemed, she added, winding her arms about her sister's neck, 'Do not look sad. I hope it is not wrong, sister Hatty, but I would a little rather die. If you do not feel as if you could talk cheerfully, pray read or sing to me.' Before

her sister could finish the first verse of the twenty-third Psalm, she caught it from her and repeated it to the end. ‘I learnt it when I was a little child,’ she said, ‘and I know not how often I have repeated it since.’ Often through the day she fell into refreshing slumber, but waked from it suddenly, with a clear, untroubled consciousness. Once she asked a friend to play for her. As the notes of a favorite air died away, she said, ‘It sounds like the morning breeze.’ Afterwards her weary muscles tried in vain to frame the words ‘Our Father.’ At last, she articulated ‘Our Father—Amen.’ It flashed upon her husband’s mind, that the prayer which they always repeated before sleeping, she wished to hear once more. Slowly and earnestly he said the words, and her silent lips followed them. At the close she said ‘Amen!’ and with her heavenly smile fell into slumber. A quivering in her throat came on, and she asked gently, ‘Sister Hatty, am I dying now?’ Shortly after she roused again, and asked for music. They sang two hymns as they stood by her bed, and while their voices trembled through the line,

‘Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood.’

she dropt asleep once more, and soon after breathed her last.

Her patient, much tried brother departed with the dawn for his bereaved home, and ‘Sister Hatty,’ sustained till the last duty was fulfilled, sought a refuge from her finally victorious suffering, in the love of God.

Two days had passed. On the 14th of June, 1848, her coffin rested in the porch of our little church; on it lay a wreath of myrtle and white clover, a happy reference to the simple rural taste and elegant enthusiasm of her who slept beneath. A crowd of those who loved her gathered from the village. The voices with which hers had so often mingled broke once more the stillness — now of the house of God — with the words of her favorite Mt. Vernon. From the wisdom of Solomon and the words of Christ, the Pastor gathered his Scripture reading. Then followed an address, in which his own touched heart only responded to the plaintive tone of the whole assembly; closing it with the beautiful hymn,

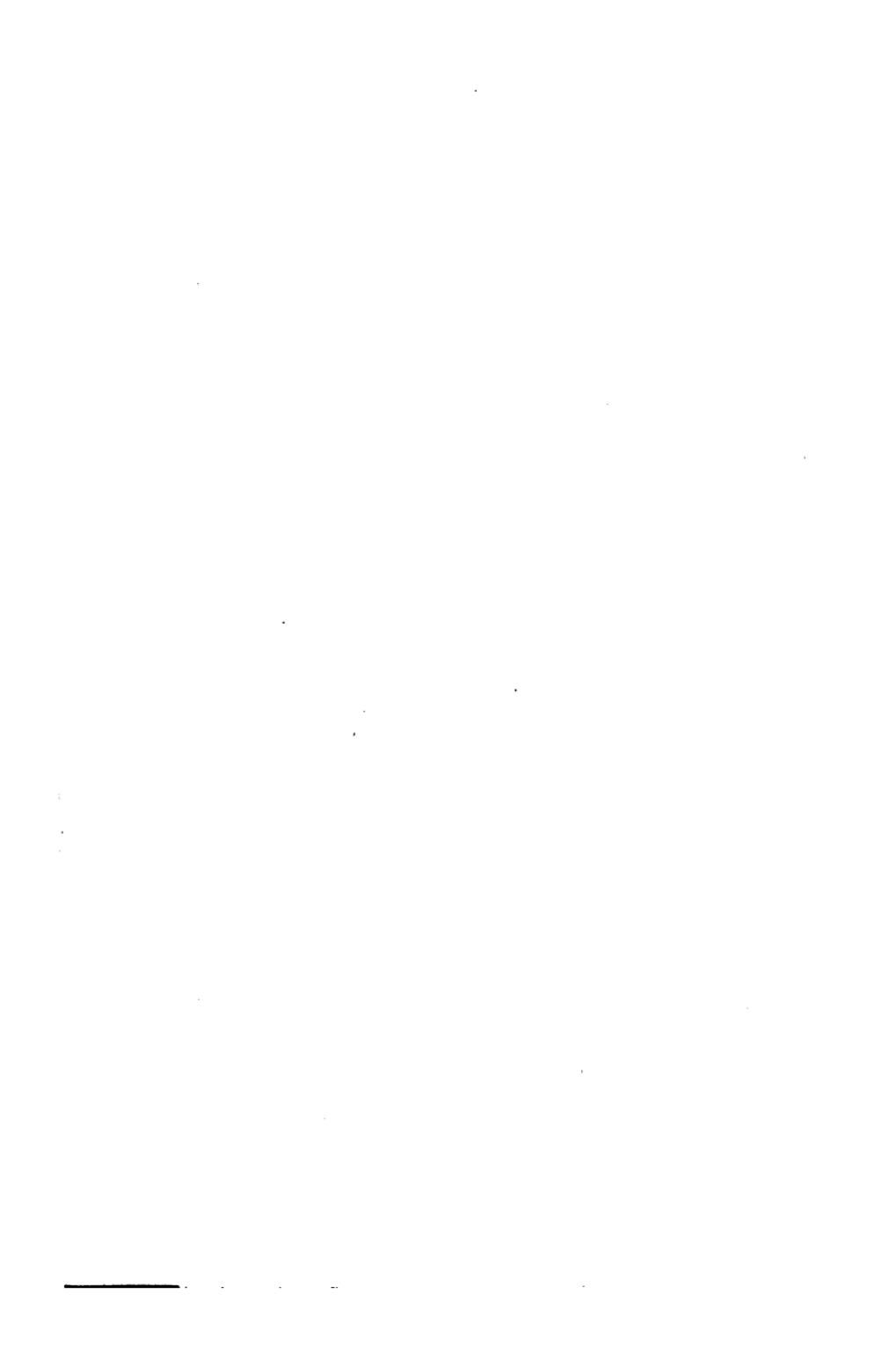
‘Father, that in the olive shade,  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid  
Strengthen thy Son.’ —

he continued in solemn prayer to commend the bereaved family to God.

Before his tremulous tones had died away, the

mournful music of ‘Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,’ floated on the air. Once more the Pastor rose and blessed the afflicted with the ‘peace that passeth understanding.’ Never is a funeral so touching as in the country at evening. The sun was scarce half an hour high when we followed her to her quiet grave.

In our beautiful churchyard flowers tell of the affection still cherished for the departed. Green turf was beneath our feet, and a spreading oak over our heads. A grave had been opened, and Charlotte’s coffin was lowered till it met that of Clara. ‘They sleep in one grave,’ said the brother. ‘And how peacefully she spoke of it,’ faltered the husband. Our tears fell fast upon the coffin, but the setting sun shone gorgeously into the grave, and sent rainbows quivering through them as they fell.







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